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VOLUME 9 NUMBER 1

NOVEMBER

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THE SAGAMORE

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In Boston town on Temple Place
A little kitten grew apace;
She cleaned her face with quiet look
And in the business interest took.

And many patrons noticed her,
And catnip brought to make her purr;
She purred her purr from dark to dawn,
So many friends to her she won.

And now she's known from sea to sea
To be as clean as clean can be,
And photographs of chicks and her
A trade mark form on calendar.

So she a symbol was, you see,
Of cleanliness immaculate,
Until Lewando's firm agree
She must their name perpetuate.

And kitten grew to full-sized cat,
And business grew as fast as that,
Till it is now the largest one
In country under Western sun.

We cleanse fine clothes and finest laces
At offices in many places,
And blankets, rugs and carpets too
Are cleansed or dyed almost like new.

Curtains of silk or wool or lace,
Much soiled with spots on every place,
And gloves and ostrich feathers too
We cleanse or dye to any hue.

Household goods of any texture
Stains and marks that always vex "yer,"
Can be made fresh and attractive
By our cleansers bright and active.

Teams and telephones connect us
With your homes; and you'll respect us
If to us you'll send your trouble,
For we'll burst the trouble bubble.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 9 NOVEMBER, 1902 NUMBER 1

A LUDICROUS MISHAP

KATE'S brother, being an unappreciative youngster, said Kate's new hat was "a sight." Kate thought it was a dream,—a dream of nestling forget-me-nots and encircling black velvet and fluffy white tulle. The only bit of commonplace reality about it was a long silver buckle set with sparkling rhinestones, which perched coquettishly at one side of the crown, apparently to secure two bands of velvet.

Judge of Kate's sinful pride as she sat in her father's pew that first Sunday and imagined the gaze of the whole congregation behind her fixed in rapt admiration upon her hat.

There was a strange man seated directly in front of Kate. The first time the minister said, "Let us pray," Kate waited until she saw that the broad shoulders in front were safely started on their slow course toward the back of the pew in front of them; then she reverently bowed her own head on the back of the stranger's pew—and the next instant realized that the stranger had evidently reconsidered his intention, for she felt a sudden pressure upon the crown of the ill-fated hat. The pressure was as suddenly withdrawn. There was an ineffectual wrench which threatened to tear poor Kate's hair from her head — then came the deadlock. That unlucky buckle! Kate slipped one glove off and tried to uncatch it from its firm clasp of the gentleman's coat. In vain.

The minister's prayer was an earnest plea for deliverance from the vanities of the world. Not a word of it did Kate hear. She was in a panic. What would happen when the prayer was over? Should she unpin her hat and leave it hanging upon the stranger's back? Or should she be obliged to leave her head bowed during the entire service, as if lost in private supplication? Her face grew white. A cold chill gripped her heart. A choking pulse-beat developed in her throat.

The prayer glided into, "Our Father, which art—!" Kate gasped and closed her eyes.

"Lead us not into temptation!" The end was near. Cold despair settled over her like a horrible paralysis.

"Deliver us from evil!" After resignation comes the death struggle. Kate glanced about. Every head was bowed, every eye was veiled. Kate's jaw was set. The steely fire of desperation glinted from her eyes. Firmly she grasped buckle and hat with both hands. There was a moment when every muscle was strained. Then came the sound of breaking stitches. The choir chanted "A-a-men!" but it was no longer the signal for death,—it was the voice of the watchman crying, "Twelve of the clock, and All 's Well."

All was well! There was nothing to show of the crisis passed at the eleventh hour save an unwonted flush on Kate's cheeks and a bit of torn fuzz on the back of the coat of the stranger who sat in front of her. G. K., '04.

AUF WIEDERSEH'N

AT sunset, as I stood on the bank of the Grand Canal, I wished, for the first time in my life, that I were an artist. I had been told that Titian and many other famous painters had painted their finest pictures of the Grand Canal at sunset. It was indeed a sight that one rarely sees.

The rays of the setting sun were reflected upon the water in gorgeous coloring. Gondolas flitted up and down the Canal, guided by gondoliers dressed in white, although some of them wore colored caps and sashes. The gondolas are painted black for two reasons: first because black paint is inexpensive, and second, because the dark background shows off to good advantage the costumes of the people.

There were both public and private gondolas, and from many of the gondoliers as they passed by a soft melody floated across in the breeze to the shore. As I looked around me there were several groups of people sketching, and as we were almost opposite the

Doges' palace, they made the scene the more interesting and picturesque, and I must admit I almost envied them this gift.

Shortly after, as I was gliding down the Canal in one of those gondolas, it was often stopped under the window of some attractive palace to listen to the tinkling sound of a guitar, or the voice of some unseen musician from within. At other times we would halt while the gondolier whispered in his soft Venetian dialect some well-known name, some story or some tragic memory which haunted those massive walls.

As we neared the end of our ride and were about to leave Venice, we all united, for I was among a party of tourists, in singing, "Auf Wiederseh'n."

A. O. P., '03.

MY DREAM

IT was the night after I had been to my first grand opera. I had seen Calvé as Carmen and the tones of her beautiful voice still rang in my ears. When I reached home, I was so tired that I was in dreamland almost as soon as my head touched the pillow.

Again I saw the brightly lighted theater and the gorgeous costumes of the ladies in the audience. The theater was crowded, and the orchestra was playing a lively air. But, strange to say, I was not one of the many spectators who awaited the rising of the curtain. Clad in a magnificent gown, I stood in the wing of the theater with the other actresses and actors. I felt rather nervous, for I was about to make my appearance in a new role. I did not have to go on the stage until several minutes after the curtain went up; and while waiting for my cue I looked with interest at the performance on the stage. A very thin gentleman was making violent love to a very stout lady. Such voices I had never before heard! Each seemed to be endeavoring to make more noise than the other. I could hear the enthusiastic clapping of hands in the audience, and then the slim gentleman repeated his pressing song, his hand upon his heart to emphasize his passion. The stout lady answered in an ear-splitting soprano voice, and as I instinctively put my hands to my ears I wondered why I did not appreciate the music that the people in front of the curtain applauded so loudly. I

began to think that perhaps my own voice was even worse than the weak tenor of the little man or the awful shrieking of the big lady. At last the duet ceased, and I heard the mournful wailing of the frail lady whom I knew I must follow. Then there was silence, and as I stepped upon the stage I was greeted with great applause. I saw the people who crowded the seats and filled the boxes of the theater. Many had beautiful flowers that I knew were for me. As I approached the footlights, there was a deathly silence. My heart throbbed, and I felt a strange weakness coming over me. But summoning my courage I opened my lips and my voice rose on high. The first note brought me back to real life, but still the voice seemed to continue; and as I began to collect my scattered wits I heard a cat making night hideous in the backyard. Could that have been my solo?

"EQUO NE CREDITE, TEUCRI"

A FABLE FOR THE FATUOUS

ON a time dwelt there in the town on the Line of the Brook a Lusty Youth.

In the Mornings wended he his Way Wearily up to that Tabernacle of Human Understanding which the Wise Fathers have set up in the Place.

And the Lusty Youth was a great Power in the Sports and Contests of the other Youth, and for this Cause had he a Vast Distension of the Cranium. But in the Pursuit of Knowledge was he even as a Sluggard in a race.

And it came to pass that on a Day he was Bid to the Sanctum of the Main Guy of the Tabernacle, a Mighty Man and of much Understanding. And as he stood in the presence, the Words of the Mighty Man Came Hard upon him, so that he was Sore Smitten.

And he Meandered forth into the Sunshine and Sat him Down to Cogitate.

Lo! as he Cogitated, a Happy Thought came near unto him and said: "O, Foolish One, why Cogitatest thou at such Length. Hie thee unto the abode of that Vendor of Parchments, who for a Price

will give thee a Travelers' Guide to the Labyrinths of Understanding. And the Youth hied. And he went unto the Seller of Parchments and for Sundry Shekels did he get a small Folio.

Now, the Name of this Folio is in the Common Tongue called by many and diverse names. For Some call it "Trot" and some "Horse" and some "Pony," and Some, and these more Wisely, call it even as they call the Support of Infancy, naming it "Crib."

And the Youth carried off the Folio, and Joy and Gladness was in the Heart of the Youth.

And it came to pass upon the next day as he arose to Interpret ancient Writings in the Assembly of Industrious Youths, lo! his Interpretation was a Thing to be Marveled at for the Beauty thereof.

And the Companions of the Youth Wondered at it, that one whose Light had been no Greater than a Small Wick under a Bushel, should blaze into Sudden Brightness.

And Various and Sundry of them — and not by the acuteness of their Olfactory Organs — Smelled a Rat.

But the Instructor of Young Men and Maidens was Rejoiced, for he Saw that the Youth was Heedful of the Rebuke of the Mighty Man. And it was Good.

So for Many Days the Lusty Youth waxed Strong in the Esteem of his Preceptor. And where Famine had been before was now Plenty.

Now it Came to Pass that in a little time the Youth Grew Boastful, and he gloried in his Power, and he Became Unwary.

And he made a Blanket for the Pony whereon was Engraven in large characters History of Rome. And he took the Equine into the Forbidden Precincts of the Temple of Knowledge.

Now it Chanced as he was one day Gazing with Fondness upon the Trot and Wondering at the Surpassing Wisdom of it, he Noted not the Swift Approach of the Expounder of Knowledge until it was Too Late. For, as the Eagle Swoopeth upon the Tender Lamb in the Hill-pastures, so Swooped the Expositor of Understanding upon that "First Aid to the Hounded."

And not later by much the Exegete of Wisdom fell Tooth and Nail upon the Neck of the Lusty Youth; wherefore it is not to be Supposed that the Neck of the Youth was Slippery: Nay, Nay.

Also had the Lusty Youth a Fall (and that a Grievous Fall) for he Fell from Grace.

Whence we deduce the following

Moral: Equo ne Credite: or, Put not thy faith in Printers.

R. S. R.

ATHLETICS

ON the 15th of September, Captain Cook called out his team for the first practice of the year. At the beginning, the prospects for a good team looked small, but now they have brightened somewhat, and we may be going to have an eleven worthy of keeping up the Brookline High record. Although the players have had very little coaching in comparison with last year's men, they are getting along remarkably well. Let us all do our best to support the team, and wish it a most prosperous year!

Brookline began her season by defeating Mechanics Arts High School, 6–0. The teams were evenly matched, except that the home team had a slight advantage in weight. Brookline kicked off, and after a series of rushes, made the only touchdown of the game.

BROOKLINE HIGH.	MANUAL TRAINING HIGH.
Allen, l. e.	r. e. Bunier
O'Laughlin, l. e.	r. t. Robinson
Murray, l. e.	r. g. Farweil
Floyd, l. t.	c. Polsey
Aulman, l. g.	l. g. Sumner
Cape, l. g.	l. t. Burke
Perry, c.	l. e. Chapman
Delano, r. g.	q. b. Dooley
Cook, Mitchell, r. t.	q. b. Frederick
Thompson, r. e.	r. h. b. Macey
Shine, Bartlett, q. b.	l. h. b. Lotterhand
Grimms, l. h. b.	f. b. Connelly
Lincoln, Beard, r. h. b.	f. b. Hinckley
Travers, f. b.	

The next game that Brookline played was with Brighton High, and it was rather unsatisfactory. The game started at three o'clock. Brookline kicked off, and the ball was run back to the middle of the field. The Brighton team fumbled and a Brookline

man dropped on the ball. The home team now worked their way to Brighton's 3-yard line, where they were held for downs. Brighton then punted, and both a Brookline and Brighton man got the ball. A dispute followed, which the unpire settled in favor of Brighton. As the Brookline team had already been "roasted" several times, this decision did not satisfy them, and so the quarrel went on. In order to save Brookline from a disgrace similar to that of last year's Brighton game, Captain Cook withdrew his men from the field. The result was Brookline, 0; Brighton, 0.

BROOKLINE HIGH.	BRIGHTON HIGH.
Thompson, r. e.	l. e. Delang, Muldoon
Cook, r. t.	l. t. Curley
Delano, r. g.	l. g. Turner
Perry, c.	c. Porter, Collins
Townsend, l. g.	r. g. Marston, Smith
Floyd, l. t.	r. t. Stearns, Marston
Heilborn, l. e.	r. e. Woodlock
Shine, q. b.	q. b. McDevitt
Lincoln, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Jordan
Grimms, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Macdonald
Travers, f. b.	f. b. Timmins

One of the best games that the Brookline campus has seen for a long time was the Brookline-Malden game, which resulted in a victory for Brookline, 5-0. During the first half neither side scored, although both teams were trying their level best to get the leather near their opponents' goal. Brookline played a much stronger game in the second half, and Lincoln finally succeeded in making a touchdown.

BROOKLINE HIGH.	MALDEN HIGH.
Heilborn, l. e.	r. e. Magee
Floyd, l. t.	r. t. Babcock
Townsend, l. g.	r. g. Phillips
Perry, c.	c. Medding
Delano, r. g.	l. g. Black
Cook, r. t.	l. t. Lamont
Thompson, r. e.	l. e. Burnham
Shine, q. b.	q. b. Hurley
Beard, l. h. b.	r. h. b. McCuider
Lincoln, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Parks
Grimms, r. h. b.	
Travers, f. b.	f. b. Noyes

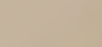
On October 10th, Brookline added another game to her string of victories, by defeating Watertown High, 18-0. The home team played a much stronger game, both on the offensive and defensive. Brookline's goal was in very little danger throughout the entire game

Line up:—

BROOKLINE HIGH.	WATERTOWN HIGH.
Heilborn, l. e.	r. e. White
Floyd (Aulman), l. t.	r. t. McArthur
Townsend (Cape), l. g.	r. g. Gordon
Perry, c.	c. Howes
Delano, r. g.	l. g. J. Pritchett
Cook, r. t.	l. t. Fletcher
Thompson, r. e.	l. e. Lewis
Marshall (Shine, Brackett), q. b.	q. b. Norcross
Lincoln (Murray), l. h. b.	r. h. b. Sullivan
Beard (Miller), r. h. b.	l. h. b. Lyons
Travers, f. b.	f. b. E. Pritchett

Tech sophomores were unable to beat the Brookline team, which was composed largely of substitutes. Although Brookline had much the lighter team, it continually made gains through its opponent's line. Shine played a splendid game for Brookline, and saved her from being scored on several times. Score, Brookline, 6; M. I. T., 0.

BROOKLINE HIGH.	TECH.
Aulman, l. e.	r. e. Abbott
Floyd, l. t.	r. t. Stebbins
Townsend, l. g.	r. g. Wells
Perry, c.	c. Kenway
Delano, r. g.	l. g. Whitney
Cape (Cook), r. t.	l. t. Lombard
Thompson (Brackett), r. e.	l. e. Goldthwaite
Shine (Marshall), q. b.	q. b. Hill
Brackett (Grimms), l. h. b.	r. h. b. Boggs
Lincoln (Murray), r. h. b.	l. h. b. Taylor
Heilborn, f. b.	f. b. Cummings



"What's the matter?" said the cheque to the one hundred dollar note, "You seem to be disturbed." "I am," said the cheque. "I find I've been sitting too close to a draft."

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year from November to June inclusive, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Marjorie Gooding, B. H. S., Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the middle of the preceding month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, fifty cents a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 10 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store, SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager, Arthur K. Tylee. The High School, Brookline.

EDITORIALS

Does it not seem unfortunate that after enabling a student to almost complete his education at Hampton Institute we should desert him as he enters upon his last year in college. But according to the rule of the schools of Brookline, we are not allowed to raise money for any outside interest by contribution. Is it not possible, however, to collect this money in some other way? Surely some one in the school must have a suggestion. Think this matter over.

The Sagamore was a great success last year. Thanks to the good work of the business managers, the paper not only paid all its expenses but cleared about thirty-five dollars besides.

We hope that this year may be as successful as the preceding one. But in order to have an interesting paper, the support of the whole school is needed. By writing stories or articles, you not only support The Sagamore but also benefit yourselves. This kind of writing is just the thing necessary to fit you for literary work in after life.

The Sagamore offers this year prizes for the three best stories written and handed in by November twenty-fifth. First prize, $2.00; second prize, $1.00; third prize, one year's subscription to The Sagamore. The prize stories will be printed in the December number. Christmas stories not desired. Editors not allowed to compete.

The game of hockey for girls has been recently introduced into this country by Miss Constance M. K. Applebee. It is played in England in all the girls' schools and colleges. There are even county, territorial division teams and also a national eleven. Miss Applebee has started hockey clubs in Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley and Radcliffe Colleges. Some private schools have also taken up the game, but we are the first public school which has picked a team for this notable sport. Hockey is to the girls what football is to the boys. It is much like football in that the players fill relative positions. The main object of the game is to get the ball through two goals. Since it is proposed that each class shall have a hockey club, let us hope that all the girls will show themselves desirous of becoming members and willing to support the coming game — hockey!

"Your men made a mighty good showing. None better, if any so good," so wrote Dean Shaler to the Head-master about this year's record of the B. H. S. boys at Cambridge.

Surely there is cause for congratulations all round. At a time when, if reports may be credited, the slaughter of candidates from other schools was very great, our school more than held its own. All of the thirty-six candidates who took examinations at Harvard, the M. I. T., and elsewhere, were successful. This year there are more going to college than ever. The squad of Technology candidates is unusually large, and about forty will take the Harvard examinations, besides those who are going to Williams, Tufts, Smith, and Bryn Mawr. Who says we haven't taken "a little bit off the top!"

Now for football!

NEWS NOTES

The results of the election of class officers for the Senior class are as follows: president, C. B. Floyd; vice-president, Marjorie Gooding; secretary, Marguerite Perrin; treasurer, Dunbar Dexter.

Did you see George Delano's left eye? The Tech game has made an impression on him.

Hatherly Foster has again returned to Hackley School, New York.

Eliot Farley, formerly of '03, is now attending Volkmann's.

Have you noticed the lusty fellow who ropes the campus off before the games?

W. D. Thompson has been elected vice-president of the Inter-Preparatory Athletic League.

Celia Adams, a former member of '03, has just announced her engagement to Mr. Edward Shead.

Andrea and Abbie Christensen have gone to Beaufort, S. C., for the winter.

Geoffrey Bartlett, well known as "Red Water," is back again in his old class.

Florence Russell, '05, is a pupil at Miss Gilman's school on Commonwealth avenue.

This year's Senior class is the largest yet; some of its members have to sit in Room 11.

Bittenbender had hard work passing off the fifty-cent piece which he dipped in mercury during I. Physics.

Dutton is back again.

Norma Wheeler is at Miss Curtis' school on Newbury street.

Arthur Cronin is playing left end on Stone's football team. Henry LeMoyne, captain, plays full-back.

Leonard Pritchett is preparing for Harvard at Morristown, New York.

As he mounted his platform, it was evident that Cole (coal) was going up.

Charlotte Strongman has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Bennett Chapple.

The Fourth Class Mathematics is behind in its work, but Snow will soon cover the ground.

This summer one of the teachers of the B. H. S. was walking along a rather unfrequented road in southern Maine, when she was startled by the sudden appearanece of a horse and the voice of one crying out, "Well, we can't escape your watchful eye even in the wilderness, can we?" Farnum and Barndollar were the B. H. S. boys who thus greeted their old teacher.

Harold Barrett, who went from B. H. S. to C. M. T. S. two years ago, entered the Lawrence Scientific School this fall, after but three years' training in secondary school work. His Brookline chum, H. Converse, will be one of his classmates at Harvard.

Will another Brookline man captain Harvard next fall? It reminds us of Wrightington, B. H. S., '93.

What an obstruction the Hill in Room 8 would be to the opponents of our football eleven!

Mr. Behr is to give a concert in the Town Hall, Brookline, on Christmas afternoon, free to all school children of the town. His orchestra and soloists will take part in the same.

On the 29th, the girls of the Senior Class met and organized a hockey club. The following officers were elected: president, Olive Whitman; vice-president, Hazel Collins; executive committee, Rita Baker, Florence Farrington, Emily Underwood; captain, Hazel Collins; vice-captain, Katherine Webber.

We hope that the '02 Dramatic Club will give its play "Me an' Otis," for the benefit of the B. H. S. A. A.

SOME OLD AND SOME NEW "YELLS" AND SONGS

IN undertaking to compile a number of school yells, we have culled those of the old which are most familiar and forcible, and have added some new compositions which we hope will meet with favor.

Effective cheering is produced only by perfect concert, and to obtain this concert enthusiasm and practice in cheering are necessary. Enthusiasm we have in abundance, as was evidenced at the athletic meeting in Shailer Hall in September; practice we can get. Mr. Snow has kindly volunteered to direct the singing and cheering, so let every one learn thoroughly the following, and be ready to make the air ring at our first league game.

FIRST YELL.

Brookline! Brookline! Brookline!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Brookline! Brookline ! Brookline!

SECOND YELL.

B. H. B. H. Rah Rah! Rah Rah!
B. H. B. H. Rah Rah! Rah Rah!
Hoorah! Hoorah!
Brookline High School!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

THIRD YELL.

B - R - O - O - K - L - I - N - E !
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Brookline! Brookline! Brookline!

FOURTH YELL.

Rackety-ax! Coax! Coax!
Rackety-ax! Coax! Coax!
Hullabaloo! Hullabaloo!
Three times three for the Red and Blue
Red and Blue!
Red and Blue!
Red and Blue!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Brookline!

A PÆAN

(Tune of *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.*)

Come, boys, let us voice our elation,
Our football team's on the field.
The sight of it spreads consternation,
The enemy to us the palm must yield.
We'll pile score on score up against them,
With the honor of the school e'er in view;
As our boys carry everything before them,
Let's cheer for the Red and the Blue.

Chorus (*twice repeated*).

Then three cheers for the Red and the Blue!
Three cheers for the Red and the Blue!
As our boys carry everything before them,
Let's cheer for the Red and the Blue!

(Tune of "*In the Good Old Summer Time.*")

In the good old football time,
In the good old football time,
We'll make them into mincemeat,
As we plough right through their line;
And they'll all go home in pieces,
For they'll be cut up so fine,
And they'll know they're up against it
When they're up against Brookline.

ALUMNI NOTES

B. H. S., '95, and Radcliffe, '99, Miss Bertha Boody has been made treasurer of the Radcliffe Collegiate Alumni Society.

'97, and Smith, 1901, Miss May Lewis returned this summer from a delightful trip to Honolulu.

'98, Harvard, 1902, Harold Bynner has just accepted a position on the staff of McClure's Magazine.

'98, Harvard, 1902, Max S. Andres is now with the Fuller Construction Company of New York.

'98, Miss Effie Heywood is now traveling through Europe, and does not expect to return until next May.

'98, John R. Marvin has just returned from a trip abroad with two "Tech" friends.

'99, Miss Florence Barrett has been elected to the Radcliffe Musical Club.

'00, Robert Brewer has returned from his tour through Europe, and has returned to Dartmouth.

'00. Miss Genevieve Quinsler is taking a special course at the New England Conservatory of Music.

'01, Harold M. Richards is this year at Harvard.

'01, Miss Ruth Blodgett has made the Mandolin Club of Smith College.

'02, Christensen (Lawrence Scientific), Gilbert, Hirshberg, Boyd, Rowley, Talbot, Webb and Morrison (Harvard Dental) are all at Harvard this year.

'02, Miss Helen Ordway is studying library work at the Brookline Public Library.

'02, William B. Shelton passed into Yale without conditions, but there are rumors that he was pretty badly hazed.

'02, The High School is represented at the new Simmons College by Miss May Balch and Miss Mary Taylor.

'02, Philip C. Jacobs is in business with his father in Boston.

'02, "Ted" Pritchett is preparing at Morristown, New York, for West Point.

'02, Henry Esmond Rowley has made the Harvard 'Varsity Mandolin Club.

'02, Miss Helen B. Flanders has been elected president of the entering class at Boston University.

A number of the graduates are back at the High this year taking a course in art or in sewing. Among them are Miss Edith Bouvé and Lisa Kinsman, '01, Helen Gooding, Helen Bush, Anna Stranahan, Carolyn Parker and Beatrice Turner. Fred Harrington is also doing special work at the School. All these people are of the class of '02.

'02, Miss Frances Manning and Miss Helen Fillebrown are at Smith.

The prize essays of Edward W. Morse, 1900, on "Brookline's Street Policy," and of Waldo Moore Richards, 1901, on "Suggested Changes in the Government of Brookline," have been recently published in The Chronicle.

"Bert" Wayland, who recently announced his engagement to Miss Knight of Allston, expects to be married in January.

Otis Wilbor expects to go to North Carolina in a few weeks to engage in business there.

Quigley has entered Harvard and is a candidate for the Freshman team.

Philip Morse, '01, has just entered Yale.

J. Albert Nyhen, '99, spoke before a meeting of the Massachusetts Health boards, October 30th, on "The Abatement of the Mosquito Nuisance in Brookline." He is connected with the bacteriological laboratory, and B. H. S. undergraduates may well be proud of him.

John Driscoll, B. H. S. '96, was married in September to Miss Metcalf of Brookline. The young man, who is remembered for his skill in drawing the faces of his classmates, is at the head of one of the divisions of the art department in the General Electric Company's establishment at Schenectady.

On the 15th of October, Miss Grace Driscoll and Mr. Edward Mullowney were married in Brookline. Miss Driscoll, who is a graduate of this school, has been one of the Brookline kindergarten teachers. Mr. Mullowney is also a graduate of B. H. S.

Miss Grace Mason, B. H. S. '98, Smith College, '02, has joined the teachers' force at Miss Cushman's School.

Carl Soule, B. H. S. '00, is playing his second season as end on Annapolis. Last year he made the winning touchdown against Pennsylvania, and his play was a great help to the team's line. He played on the Leopard team when in the B. H. S.

Miss Mabel Cummings has just returned from a trip around the world.

Several of the members of the class of '02 have organized a dramatic club. The first play to be given will be "Me an' Otis," which will probably be ready early in December. The principal characters are to be taken by Misses Parker, Ordway, Laubham and Bush, and Messrs. Calkins, Burr, Harwood and Jacobs. The play chosen is one of the best amateur plays ever written. As most of the cast have had considerable experience in dramatics, a notable presentation is promised.

LOCALS

The only advantage of living in a light-house? The lady of the house does light housekeeping.

The other day, in III. German, "das Kind" was translated "the Kid."

Miss H-t-l was heard to ask at the beginning of a study period, "Is Love in the room?"

Heard in Room 20 during German reading. "If an American lamb says 'Bah,' why should n't a German lamb say 'Pah?' "

Isn't Lady Macbeth better than Mrs. Macbeth?

Mr. Brooks was very much shocked when, after asking a boy if he had his lesson, the youth replied, "More or less."

The new method of rendering music, which has recently been devised in Room 7 during study periods, has now lost favor. Perhaps this is because the teacher in charge did not notice it, but the performers were decidedly pleased with their invention at the time, and one nearly completed "Yankee Doodle."

A translator of H. B. French, who could not "make sense" at first, must have been thinking of making cents, when he said for "Mynheer Isaac," "Mine friend Isaac."

Problem from Room 8. If it takes two Weeks to get to (2) Miles, how long will the sun take to get to Shine? It is plain to all that it will take two Cases to prove this.

We hope that our boys do not waste-baskets the way they waste paper.

In H. Physics, Mr. Packard was talking about two circles, the diameters of which were thirty-two inches and two inches. One bright pupil asked which was the larger.

First Student—"Why do they call a ship 'she?' "

Second Student—"They don't always; haven't you seen the 'Manship' in Room 19?"

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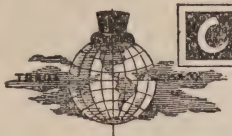

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 9 DECEMBER, 1902 NUMBER 2

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY

(FOUNDED ON FACT)

ONE summer day, early in the nineteenth century, the good ship "Georgia" sailed slowly into the harbor of the town of St. Ann's. The men, and a goodly number of the women, had gathered at the wharf to welcome the incoming ship—to get the latest news of affairs in England and to see the new custom house officer, who, it was rumored, would come by the "Georgia."

The ship dropped anchor in the harbor and a boat was lowered. The people on the wharf could see that it held four persons. "It's the custom-officer," was whispered from one to another. As the boat touched the landing, the people gazed in astonishment. Could this be the custom-officer, that courtly-looking man, with his gorgeous clothes and lace ruffles; then, too, the lady, who was she? Never had the people seen such beauty as hers. The men instinctively doffed their hats and bowed low as she passed them by, unconscious of their admiring glances.

For a time the ship had no interest for the assembled crowd. The officers who had rowed the boat ashore were besieged with questions, and when the second boat came in, bringing the mail, the sailors found themselves the center of attraction, so great was the excitement that the new arrivals had caused.

"Who are they, John?" asked Mistress Hatherly of her husband; "some people of quality, methinks by their clothes and mien."

"Nay, they be the new custom-officer and his lady," answered a sailor.

"Did you see the silver buckles on her shoes?" Mistress Parker asked Mistress Brent.

"And her skirts were short, indeed, one could plainly see her ankles and silken hosen, the bold minx," answered Dame Biedel.

Meanwhile, the custom-officer and his wife had reached their new abode.

"Alice," he said, as he unlocked the door and held it open for her, "I hope thou wilt never regret this step. It's a great hardship for thee, sweetheart."

"Nay, George, not whilst I have thee," she whispered. But when she saw the bare walls and floors, and the plain furniture, and thought of those curious people on the wharf, she sobbed brokenly, "It is so different, so different from what I had hoped for."

"Aye, Alice, we no longer have our old home, with all its comforts and riches," he said sadly.

* * * *

For the first few weeks, the custom-officer, George Fitzgeorge, his wife and attendants, were the talk of the town. Many were the rumors of who they were, where they came from and what had been their station in life. Many were the evil remarks about Mistress Alice Fitzgeorge, when it was known that she never arose before nine o'clock, and that she did none of her housework, but spent most of her time painting or embroidering! Then she would pass them on the street without recognition of any sort.

"Poor woman," the men said to each other, "she is breaking her heart for old England and her friends at home."

* * * *

Years passed swiftly by, Mistress Alice Fitzgeorge was dead, her husband was now an old man and her son, married to one of the girls of the town, had long since left St. Ann's.

On the thirtieth anniversary of her death, one of the worst snow-storms ever known raged over the town. The doctor, after a hard day's work, settled down to enjoy his hot toddy and roaring fire, but suddenly the door burst open and two sturdy fellows came into the room carrying an old man.

"Quick, Doctor, in God's name! We found him lying by his wife's grave—its old Fitzgeorge!"

The doctor's wife came bustling down stairs, and with her help they soon had the half-frozen man in bed.

About ten o'clock the doctor said to his wife, who was sitting on the other side of the bed, "Mary, thou hadst better get to bed. I'll call thee if needed."

"Do you think he'll live, Harry?" she asked, hesitatingly.

Slowly the doctor shook his head, "There's no chance of it. The exposure was too severe and he is very old."

Toward daybreak the doctor was startled from a half-doze by hearing his name softly called. He leaned over the bed.

"Browne," whispered the old man, "write down what I tell you and promise me not to reveal it to a living soul."

"I promise," said the doctor, solemnly.

Twice while the old man was speaking the doctor, dropping his pen in astonishment, glanced sharply at his patient to make sure that he was not raving; but no, those eyes were not the eyes of delirium. As the old man finished his story he gave to the doctor a miniature fastened to a long golden chain.

"Wrap these up in the paper, and seal it tightly,—it is to be buried with me. And now I beg that you will write to my son and tell him that his son, on his twentieth birthday, should he wish to know his family history, may have my grave opened and get a package buried with me; it will tell him my story and how he can claim our inheritance in England."

At that he fell back exhausted. The doctor bent over him to catch any remaining words that he might utter. The first rays of dawn stole through the snow-covered panes into the room, and seemed to illumine the face of the dying man.

"Alice," he faintly murmured; then his eyes closed in death.

* * * *

Last summer the city of St. Ann's was startled to hear that a young man had obtained permission to open the grave of George Fitzgeorge, in the presence of the mayor, the rector and the custom house officer. His object was to obtain possession of documents buried in the grave.

The oldest inhabitants remembered something of the mystery of the Fitzgeorges, and on the appointed day a crowd gathered in the cemetery. When the casket was opened only a skeleton holding in its hand a package of papers was seen. The young man, with a cry, bent down and gently drew the paper from its grasp. But no, heaven had not willed it so; for, on being exposed to the air, the paper crumbled to dust, and left in the man's hand only a golden chain and locket!

When he examined this he found it contained, on one side, the picture of a beautiful woman; on the other, that of a splendid gentle-

man. Underneath that of the lady was engraved, "Lady Alice Montague, Lady-in-waiting to the Queen Consort of George the IV.," and below the other was, "George Fitzgeorge, presented to him by his father, George IV. of Great Britain."

The grave still held its secret! WINIFRED A. PHINNEY, '04.

PRUDENCE PERRIGO'S STRATAGEM

"OH! it's a shame, that it is. I little suspected my own brother would counsel father thus!" This speech of Mistress Prudence Perrigo's was addressed to her cousin, Thanksgiving Jones, with all the vehemence of a twentieth century lassie.

"But Prudence," responded her cousin, "it is time you were weaned from your 'tomboyish actions' and were taught seemly behavior, and those arts and industries which properly belong to a woman. Now, nobody is better qualified to give such lessons in both etiquette and housewifely duties than Aunt Economy, and I am sure you will profit greatly by her excellent instruction."

"And I am equally sure I shall not," replied the girl. "As soon as I reach her house it will be, 'Prudence, bring me your sampler. What, have you not got any farther than the hem-fell? and the workmanship! it is not neat! and the buttonholes! Well, it is high time indeed that you should be taught something useful!'"

Before Prudence had finished this speech her cousin was laughing weakly, but her face sobered quickly and she again set about her task of consolation.

"You know," she said, "that nothing else could be done. You would not want your father and brothers to stay home from the army just for your sake; and something had to be done with you. It were not seemly or safe to leave you in this house alone with Sarah. So it was the wisest and best thing that John counseled."

"Well," said Prudence, with a weary air, "if I were a boy I would off to the army; but, as I am not, I suppose I shall have to go to Boston, fashion a new sampler and be taught the latest way of making courtesies. If Aunt Economy can get enough grace into me to enable me to make a courtesy without tripping over my skirts, I will be thankful, and never will dispute again, so long as my life lasts, her

superiority. And perhaps, if I am very good, I may be allowed to make something for the soldiers; it is about all a woman can do to help along the glorious struggle for liberty, but it lacks savor, being done behind the scenes."

* * * *

"Prudence, Prudence, where are you?" thus called Aunt Economy a few weeks after Prudence's arrival. "It is time for your embroidery lesson. You are somewhat behind, you remember, on account of the interruption yesterday. You had better come quickly, for your stint must be accomplished before you sleep this night."

Reluctantly, and with a disgusted feeling that was mirrored on her face, fifteen-year-old Prudence arose from the chair by her little dormer window where she had been watching the motions of a bevy of red-coated soldiers, and descended the stairs.

Work was produced, needles threaded, and Prudence's small work-chair was brought close up to Aunt Economy's ample arm-chair, that the eagle eyes of the instructress might observe and criticise every wry stitch, and pass over in stony silence a good row of stitches —if there chanced to be one.

"No, Prudence! Not that way. Give me the work. Here! hold it straight, this way; now, one stitch to right, one to left, and two to fill the vacant space, one to right, one to left, two to—" But this lesson was destined never to be finished; for while Aunt Economy had been talking, Prudence's thoughts had wandered, as they so often did. Looking out through the window, she saw the sun in the west, just about to set. She imagined it to be a red and gold scarf wrapped over the soft, rich bosom of departing day. But her attention was drawn from this, to a nearer object. A man on horseback was rapidly approaching the house. Something about him interested her. She looked again. Was it John, her brother? Another glance sufficed to convince her; but where had he obtained his make-up, the uniform of a British soldier? A hot fear shot across her brain. No! he would never do that! Now, he was at the door, and it was his arrival that interrupted Aunt Economy.

"John, what is it? What means—" began Aunt Economy, but John interrupted her with, "Not any time for questions, Aunt; quick! hide me somewhere; they chased me all the way here. and even now are near!"

"Useless," answered she, "there is not a cranny or a cubby-hole unknown to the soldiers, since the house was searched."

"Well, then, take these papers, burn, hide, destroy, but do not let the soldiers get them. But, oh! the General should have had them tonight!"

"Hush," said Prudence, coming forward with the milkmaid's petticoat, cloak, and hood, "put these on, give me your uniform, and go to the out-house and busy yourself over the cow. She has been milked once; but Aunt says Jane never half milks her. Quick, now, give me the things; and when the hunt turns to your quarter I'll give them something to do."

This was done pretty quickly, but with not any superfluous speed, for the end of the milkmaid's petticoat had but disappeared from view, and Prudence had just hastily folded the uniform and cap under the cushion of Aunt Economy's great arm-chair and pulled the valance down, when the knocks came, one on each entrance.

After an animated search, the house was given up as containing nothing suspicious; and the two guards with the two searchers left the house to "do" the outbuildings. Two remained outside, as before, while the remaining two thoroughly searched the barn. This quest proved equally fruitless. There was but one place left, but that should be searched; the rebel was here somewhere, and he would be found! Yes, indeed!

Meanwhile, while they were engaged in searching the last building, Prudence had slipped from the house with a pail in which, concealed under a cover, was the uniform. This she hastily donned; then slipped saddle and bridle over a fresh horse, and with noise enough to be heard by the soldiers, left the barn, just in time to save the milkmaid from an embarrassing disclosure.

Down the street she rode, followed by the redcoats, her fresh horse holding more than its own against the jaded ones of her pursuers. At last she turned a corner and momentarily they lost sight of her. Now was her chance! Quickly she wheeled her horse from the main street into an unfrequented and dark by-way. She waited with beating heart until she heard them pass and then she directed her excited horse back into the main street and thence home! By the time the redcoats had discovered their mistake and followed her trail back to the starting point, the wearer of the red coat had

turned into Aunt Economy's niece, Prudence, and the coat into—ashes. The most careful search failed to produce the mysterious rebel. To the day of their deaths those British soldiers had a most firm belief in Yankee strategy. Thus Prudence Perrigo accomplished her end. The next day the evacuation of Boston took place.

When Washington entered town next day, Aunt Economy was among the ladies who welcomed the victors. When Prudence was presented to the General, he said, with a peculiar light in his eyes, "If you were a soldier, I would promote you; but as you are not, I can but thank you, and praise the excellence of your courtesies!"

HAZEL M. CANNING, '06.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE

DURING the summer of '71, while the South was beginning to recover from the effects of the war, I was suddenly called north on business. The summons was urgent and it was imperative that I should start at once. But there was a serious obstacle in the way of anybody's leaving New Orleans; for on the day before had occurred the Bonnet Carrée crevasse, and the country around the city for many miles was completely inundated by the muddy waters of the Mississippi. Perhaps it would be well to explain how a crevasse occurs. If it were not for the levees, the river in times of flood would cover its valley many feet deep, and would destroy much property. These levees are high embankments which have been placed along the river by the government. But in spite of all the precautions which are taken to prevent such disasters, the river sometimes breaks the retaining walls and the ensuing flood often causes losses of millions of dollars and many lives.

This is just what happened in Bonnet Carrée Parish. All the railroad tracks from New Orleans were, on an average, about three feet submerged, and after I had crossed Lake Ponchartrain, I took the train at Manchac to go to a place called Ponchitulas, which would be high and dry. When I say "train" I mean three flat cars, with rude seats hastily constructed on them. The regular day coaches would have been too heavy for the undermined roadbed; so all the pas-

sengers were crowded on two of these "flats" and the baggage piled on the third. The train had proceeded on its way for about four miles, and was in the midst of a large swamp, when the water reached the fire in the engine and extinguished it. Luckily we were near a little sidetrack, where cypress logs were loaded, and with the remainder of his steam the engineer got the engine out of our way.

This was our situation. About one hundred and fifty men, women and children were in the middle of a swamp covered with about three feet of water, night was approaching, and our destination was still nearly six miles distant. What was to be done? The men of the party, I being one, gathered together on one of the flat cars and held a consultation in which the engineer and conductor joined. Finally, the conductor suggested that if some one be sent for sixty or seventy blacks and some stout rope, he would get us out of the difficulty.

The fireman volunteered to go up the track to a rice plantation and borrow the negroes and the rope. In two or three hours we heard a great splashing, and presently, by the light of a fine moon which had risen, we saw the fireman at the head of a body of sixty lusty blacks. The conductor immediately set them to work removing the baggage from the rear car and piling it on the middle one. This put all the passengers on one car, and perhaps it wasn't crowded! Then the negroes, after uncoupling the empty car, tied two long ropes to the front of the train, and with thirty blackmen tugging at each rope we started upon our novel journey.

As was fortunate, the night was extremely fine, and the moon lighted up the scene, as only a southern moon can. The tracks were laid through a wooded swamp, and we passed under an archway of gnarled cypress trees, profusely hung with festoons of Spanish moss. On each side of us was complete darkness; but straight ahead, where the trees had been cut away, was a streak of dazzling brightness caused by the reflection of the moon upon the waters. The negroes now began to sing, and most of them having fine, natural voices, the effect was exceedingly good, and kept the young children from thinking of the darkness and dampness, and from being as troublesome as they might well have been under the circumstances.

The six miles to Pochitulas Junction were covered in three hours; and although the experience of being drawn through a Louisiana

cypress swamp by sixty negroes was novel and exciting, I do not believe that there was one among us who was not glad to stretch his limbs on the station platform, and thank his stars that he was out of the scrape so nicely. C. B., '04.

HOW A YALE FRESHMAN PROPOSED TO THE CLUNY DEVIL

IN one of the rooms of Durfee, a dormitory which overlooks the campus at Yale, a number of fellows were gathered. It would not have been hard for an onlooker to decide what class they belonged to, especially if he had happened to hear bits of the conversation. As it was the morning after "the rush," nearly every one had some adventure to tell. One of the fellows, whom we will call Jim for short, had just finished speaking.

"Perhaps, then, Bill, you've got something worth while telling us," he said. "Come, let us have it. We all know you had callers last Thursday in the evening."

"Well," said Bill, "I don't know as I mind telling you what was doing Thursday night at my room. If it wasn't so awfully interesting, it was certainly a little out of the ordinary. I won't tire you by telling how I won a glorious victory as an oarsman, or how my voice cracked while I was singing a very pleasing solo; for I think that we all know these little pastimes by heart. But to get down to facts; you know, fellows, that as yet I haven't got a great deal of bric-a-brac lying loose around my room, but I have one piece that would hold its own in a Japanese curio shop, and in the present condition of my room it stands out with frightful prominence. You will probably know without my telling you that it is my Cluny. Well, during the course of events, one of the gentlemen who had honored me with their presence, while gazing around the room happened to run across this. At first a look of wonderment came into his face, and then it gave way to a sort of chilling horror, which, starting at his feet, seemed to gradually creep up to the top of his head, freezing him as it went. In spite of repeated warnings to 'Wipe that smile off

your face,' I burst out laughing. This brought the unfortunate fellow back to himself again with a start. Realizing the joke was rather on him, he made a savage dive for the Cluny, and placing it on the table ordered me to kneel down before it. After I had done this (it took me about five minutes) he told me to fold my hands. I folded my hands. 'Now Freshie, propose to that.' The order came as if snapped off the end of a whip. There was an explosion in the room, and I saw that it was up to me. I looked at Cluny and the words stuck fast in my throat. I tried to speak and only uttered a gasp. There were several bright explanations given for my hesitancy, such as 'Oh! he's bashful. Give him time.' Then some one said that she (Cluny) was waiting, whereupon some one else said that she would n't wait forever. By this time I had partially regained the use of my voice. I told them as politely as I could that it was so sudden they would have to give me a little time to put my sentiments into proper form. They agreed to give me just thirty seconds. The time was called and I was told to go on. I opened my mouth to speak and slowly raised my head. I uttered a syllable and that was all. The world will forever be in ignorance of what I was going to say, for as I again looked upon that divinely beautiful face, the power of speech was a second time taken away from me.

"Now by this time my 'friends' began to think that I was playing with them. They began to threaten, and finally ended by giving me a minute, and if I had not begun to declare my love by that time, it would be the worse for me. They counted off the seconds until they reached fifty-five. Then it was fifty-six, seven. I began to get desperate. Fifty-eight! I closed my eyes and tried to think. Fifty-nine, sixt — I began."

Here Bill paused in the recounting of his adventure, and seemed to be lost in thoughtful meditation.

"What did you say, Bill?" one of the fellows asked.

Arousing himself with difficulty, he said, "Fellows, what I said is too sacred to be repeated here;" and with that he slowly walked to the door and went out.

W. B. S., '02.

ATHLETICS

BROOKLINE High won her first league game Friday, October 31st, at the Cedar-street field, Newton Center, by defeating Hopkinson, 6-0. The two teams were very well matched, and it was a hot contest throughout the entire game. On the kick-off Hoppy received the ball and rushed it back about twenty yards. On the next play Brookline got the ball on a fumble, but was unable to advance it. The Boston boys now carried the ball down to Brookline's 15-yard line, where they were brought to a standstill. Brookline now punted out of danger. After a few more plays, Hoppy got the ball on a fumble on her own 30-yard line. By almost continual line bucking, the ball was now advanced to within three inches of Brookline's goal line. The Brookline team now made a determined stand, and their opponents were unable to advance the ball another inch. Brookline punted out of danger, and then time was called, bringing the first half to an end, without either side scoring. In the second half, Hall kicked off, and Brookline brought the ball back ten yards. Lincoln and Beard now made some long gains, by means of the splendid interference made by Shine. In this same manner the ball was pushed back to Hoppy's 30-yard line, where the latter received the ball on downs. Hoppy now tried a trick play, but Thompson tackled the man for a loss. They were now forced to punt. Brookline rushed the ball steadily down the field, and finally Delano was brought back and pushed over the line for a touchdown. After this goal Hoppy tried its hardest to score, but time was called and the game brought to an end.

Line-up:—

BROOKLINE.	HOPPY.
Heilborn (Allen), l. e.	r. e. Hammond
Floyd (Ulman), l. t.	r. t. Slusher
Townsend, l. g.	r. g. Seldner
Perry, c.	c. Barry
Delano, r. g.	l. g. Eaton
Cook, r. t.	l. t. Leslie
Thompson, r. e.	l. e. Barnes
Shine, q. b.	q. b. Grimes
Beard, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Colley
Lincoln, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Plummer
Traverse, f. b.	f. b. Hall

On the following Friday (November 7th), the Brookline team again visited the Newton A. A. grounds at Newton Center. The result of this game, although not a defeat for Brookline, was not entirely satisfactory to the supporters of the team, and surely was not satisfactory to the players. The scoring was all done in the first half, each team being able to get but six points. In the second half, both sides tried their hardest, but neither one succeeded in getting by its opponents for any long runs. Travers played well for Brookline, and several times stopped the Newton backs as they attempted to tear through our line. A feature of the game was Shine's attempt for a goal from the field. It was a long kick and at a difficult angle, and the ball missed the posts by a few feet only.

Line-up:—

BROOKLINE.	NEWTON.
Thompson, r. e.	l. e. Starkweather
Cook, r. t.	l. t. Pierce
Delano, r. g.	l. g. Douglas
Perry, c.	c. Slocum
Heilborn, l. g.	r. g. Johnson
Floyd, l. t.	r. t. Andrews
Allen, l. e.	r. e. F. Johnson
Shine, q. b.	q. b. Tilton
Lincoln, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Beless (Hutchinson)
Beard, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Russell
Travers, f. b.	f. b. Tancred

Brookline suffered a defeat from Boston Latin School, Friday, November 14th, at the Locust-street grounds, South Boston. The Boston team outweighed Brookline to a man, and thus had a great advantage. Brookline seldom had the ball throughout the entire game on account of this extra weight of its opponents. Our eleven was considerably weakened, as Captain Cook and Beard were unable to play on account of injuries. Kerrigan, who took Beard's place, showed up very well. There was a great deal of fumbling done on both sides. Thompson played well for the Brookline team, and several times spoiled the Boston Latin plays. Our boys played a hard game, but were greatly handicapped. The score was Boston Latin School, 28; Brookline High School, 0.

Line-up:—

ROSTON LATIN.	BROOKLINE.
Edwards, l. e.	r. e. Thompson
O'Donnell, l. t.	r. t. Ulman
Pierson, l. g.	r. g. Delano
Littlefield, c.	c. Perry
Witherby, r. g.	l. g. Heilborn
Mahan, r. t.	l. t. Floyd (Capt.)
Benshimol, r. e.	l. e. Allen
Laughlin, q. b.	q. b. Shine
Somes, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Lincoln
McCusker, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Kerrigan
Hanley, (Capt.) f. b.	f. b. Travers

Brookline was defeated in her last league game of the season by Cambridge Latin, the score being 17-0. The game was played on the Newton A. A. grounds, Tuesday, November 18th. The Cambridge eleven worked their trick plays and double passes with good success. Captain Taft of Cambridge proved to be a good man for running the ball back. The Brookline team put up a good game, but was unable to score. Our eleven was handicapped in this game, as it was in the Boston Latin game, Cook and Beard being unable to play. Shine tried two drop kicks from the field but was unsuccessful.

Line-up:—

CAMBRIDGE HIGH.	BROOKLINE.
Ellis, l. e.	r. e. Thompson
Blew, l. t.	r. t. Ulman
Church, l. e.	r. g. Delano
Bushway, c.	c. Perry
Calin, r. g.	l. g. Heilborn
Hopewell, r. t.	l. t. Floyd (Capt.)
Brennan, r. e.	l. e. Allen
Taft, q. b.	q. b. Shine
Conlin (Feeley), l. h. b.	r. h. b. Lincoln
Waterbury, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Kerrigan
Howe, f. b.	f. b. Travers

The preparatory league series ended with the following standing:—

	Defeats.
Boston Latin	0
Cambridge Latin	1
Brookline	2
Newton	3
Hopkinson	3

I'M IT

An Essay on (Incipient) Man, with humblest apologies to Alexander Pope and the

"Most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters."

Lo! the grand Senior, whose long-tutored mind
Conceives in his great self the phœnix of his kind;
Holding his head aloft to school he struts,
Unmindful of the sneers of those he cuts.
Deep breaths of air he draws, expands his chest—
'Mongst kings and queens he'd be the haughtiest.
When near to the beloved school he draws,
Perchance he meets a teacher; then he thaws
And deigns a nod, or e'en a gracious smile;
Thinking the teacher he may thus beguile
Upon him hard-sought H's to bestow:
Alas! too often he gets L for Low.
Perchance he meets a classmate; then his mien
Displays a pleasure plainly to be seen;
Yet with no boisterous shout he hails his friend,
But dignified, he will a hand extend,
Or if it be a classmate feminine,
Gravely he lifts his hat with a smug grin,
Politely to his load he adds her books
And is rewarded by her tender looks,—
She gives her books, but still she clutches fast
To that dear box which holds her noon repast
Of pickles, fudge, and sundry other things,
Which she to school each morning with her brings.
No pleas of his can move the maid to part
With that dear burden, but close to her heart
She presses it, and thinks with what delight
At noon she'll quell the pangs of appetite.
And now the twain approach the middle door—
What matter if the distance be far more;
The dignity is ample recompense,
For 'tis forbid to those devoid of sense,

The stupid underclassmen who must not
Enter thereby: if one does, and is caught,
A serious rebuke will be his fate,
Administered by that great potentate
Who rules with might his studious domain—
Well, by this time the maid and "conscious swain"
Have entered in, and to their class-room gone,
To recitations they will go anon.
Here will we leave them, for we can't portray
The difficulties that beset their way
In recitations—how, at sight,
They read the lessons of the previous night,
Succeed or fail, accordingly as each
Is able by his wit to fill the breach.
So to the moral of this tale we haste
And trust our time may not have gone to waste.

The moral's this—and let each maid and youth
Take it to heart, for 'tis the strictest truth:
A Senior is a dreadful and an awesome thing,
A subject which admits no trifling.
Be warned in time, that studious course pursue,
Which will, perchance, a Senior make for you.
And when you have attained that dignity
You, too, may carry yourself haughtily;
Enter by the front door; in Room 10 sit;
And with expanded chest—and head-- proclaim:
"I'M IT." R. S. R., '03.

Teacher—"Johnny, you were not present yesterday. Were you detained by the inclemency of the weather?"
Johnny—"No'm, stayed home 'cause it rained."

Why won't they let this one die of old age?
A.—I don't like "Cæsar."
B.—Why not?
A.—Too much Gaul.—(Ex.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year from November to June inclusive, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Marjorie Gooding, B. H. S., Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the middle of the preceding month; rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

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EDITORIALS

On Wednesday, November fifth, Mr. Cole gave the members of his music class a great treat. In order to make the lesson more interesting, he procured a professional soloist to sing the solo part in "The Creation," an oratorio that the class is now learning. Mrs. Brackett, soprano of the New Old South Church, kindly consented to come to the school and assist us. Up to this time we had not enjoyed the full advantage of the music, but with the solos and the chorus a much better effect was gained and we are all delighted with the progress that we had made. After the work came the pleasure. Mrs. Brackett sang us several songs that were bright and pretty. The only trouble that we had to find with the lessson was that it did not last long enough. Perhaps Mrs. Brackett will come and sing to us again some day.

At last the ping pong tournament is over. There has been a great deal of fault found with the committee on account of the length of time that it has taken to get the matches played off. Nevertheless, there is a good deal to be said in their defense. It is very hard to find a time when no other sport is occupying the minds, hearts, feet or hands of the contestants. With hockey, foot-ball and basket-ball, the afternoons are pretty well taken up. Now, it is all over, and we must only consider that after the cups have been paid for, twenty dollars will be left for the Athletic Association. The cups were won by the following: boys' doubles, Arthur Tylee and Kingsley Tomlin; boys' singles, Arthur Tylee; girls' singles, Carol Parker.

The football season is ended, and I think we have reason to be proud of our team. We stand third in the league. The game with Boston Latin, the winning team, was a hard one, but our boys fought well and, although the score does not show it, played a good spirited game. It was very discouraging to lose the captain in the two hardest games of the season, but the team worked well under the leadership of the substitute captain. It is all over now, and a third place isn't so bad. Let us all give three cheers for the Brookline High School Football Team!

As November twenty-third was Mr. Packard's tenth anniversary, Mr. Brooks and the members of the Senior Class gave him a little surprise party the night before. Each one armed himself with some tin utensil and approached Mr. Packard's house. That gentleman was startled by the sound of cheers and the beating of tin dishes, and hurried to the door. He was greeted with shouts, and a nutmeg grater was thrown at his feet. After the merry crowd had entered, Mr. Packard made an excellent speech, wishing that all might be as happily married as he had been. He and his wife were then buried under a pile of dishes, spoons, dishpans and various other articles of tin. After an hour spent in singing, cracking jokes and eating candy, the boys and girls departed. Mr. Packard invited them all to return to his silver wedding and bring their husbands and wives. They all agreed that it had been a very jolly evening.

The prizes for stories written for The Sagamore were won by the following: first prize won by a story entitled, "An Unsolved Mystery," by Winifred A. Phinney; second prize won by a story entitled "Prudence Perrigo's Stratagem," by Hazel M. Canning; third prize won by a story entitled "A Strange Experience," by Cornelius Beard.

At a recent meeting of the Music Committee it was proposed that an effort should be made to lay the foundation for a B. H. S. song book. Contributions are called for from the alumni and from the present pupils of the school. Songs of two classes are called for, lively, jolly, rollicking songs, and songs of a more serious character. It is hoped that each year at least one good song of each kind may be obtained. If this can be done, in a few years we shall have a song book which will be peculiarly and distinctively our own, just as each college has its collection of college songs. Such songs are the prop and support of school spirit.

Now, if every one who has the slightest ability tries to write something, we shall easily get a good foundation this year. We should like to have a number of contributions before Christmas, so that the best of them may be set to music and learned and practised during the winter term.

Just a word to the diffident. Try what you can do, and if you lack confidence, sign some *nom de plume* to your song and drop it into The Sagamore contribution box. If it is good enough to be set to music, claim it; if it isn't, don't say a word about it—only, try it, every one!

EXCHANGE COLUMN

Motto: Ha! Ha!—maybe.

Verily the little sign "Ex." covereth a multitude of sins! And so, under its protection, we shall monthly print in this column various and sundry borrowings from our exchanges. Once in a while, when we print anything unusually bad or unusually good, we shall designate the paper whence it came. Occasionally, moreover, we shall graciously bestow praise upon meritorious exchanges. Furthermore, we shall semi-occasionally censure in this column those few of our exchanges who seem to us to need a stimulus of a mild sort.

This month we shall inflict upon our readers a few like the following:—

A Butyraceous Ballad.

The maiden mournfully milked the goat,
And pensively paused to mutter:
"I wish you'd turn to milk, you brute!"
But the animal turned to butt her.—(Ex.

Apropos, we insert this query and answer:—

Q.—Why is a goat almost?
A.—Because it's all but(t).—(Ex.

Here's a nice, respectable old one:—

Mathematic Teacher—"But, Tommy, you left out zero."
Tommy—"Well, that's nothing."

Don't read this if you stutter:—

"Go, my boy, and shut the shutter,"
This I heard a mother utter,
"The shutter's shut," the boy did mutter,
"I cannot shut it any shutter."

Left over from the good old summer time:—

Little Willie was a freshman,
Green as grass—and greener, too,
Not a thing in all creation
Ever had so green a hue.
One day while out exercising
Through a field he chanced to pass,
And a brindle cow devoured him,
Thinking he was only grass.
Little Willie's up in heaven,
Vacant are two places now;
In his class there is no Willie,
In the field there is no cow.—(Ex.

One of our exchanges advances the theory that Venus of Milo broke off her arms trying to button her shirtwaist up the back. Query—How did she lose her shirtwaist?

There was an old man of Tarentum
Who chewed on his teeth till he bent 'em
When he found they were bent,
He said, I don't care a cent,
For you know I don't own 'em—I rent 'em.—(Ex.

Teacher—"Explain, 'She showed great composure.' "

Pupil—"Oh! I know,—she showed by her face that she could write compositions."—(Ex.

Whoe'er
Will venture up the stair
Will find our exchanges on file there.—(Aldiborontiphoscofornio.

NEWS NOTES

The girls of the Senior Class are being instructed in the art of fencing. Mr. Schmitt gives them a lesson once every fortnight.

A beautiful flag was recently presented to the School by the class of '03. It was made of blue bunting with the head of an Indian in red. A small boy marched up and down the side lines with it at the

Newton football game, and it was cheered for with great enthusiasm. Its day was short, however; for at the end of an hour it was torn into fifty pieces.

Mr. William Nash addressed the political science class November seventh.

The officers of Class II. were chosen at a class meeting last month. The following were elected: president, Carl Witherell; vice-president, Leila Tuckerman; secretary, Grace Kellogg; treasurer, William Brownell.

Ethel King, a former member of the Sophomore Class, is now at Dean Academy.

The following have been elected as officers of the third class: president, Eugene Allen; vice-president, Margaret I. Boyd; secretary and treasurer, John Miller.

The class of '04 is very sorry to lose one of its best scholars and most popular friends, Louise Andrews, who has gone to continue her education in town at Miss Haskell's private school.

The girls of Class II. held a meeting to organize a hockey club. The officers were chosen as follows: president, Majorie Henry; vice-president, Minna Hirshberg; captain, Florence Morse; first vice-captain, Liela Tuckerman; second vice-captain, Mary McGrath.

The Sophomore class has also organized a hockey club. The following officers have been elected: president, Margaret I. Boyd; vice-president, Janet Ritchie; executive committee, Margaret Taylor, Florence Hallett, Frances Collins; captain, Helen Chick; vice-captains, Janet Ritchie and Evelyn Aldrich.

Now that the girls play hockey on the playground, we notice that the rooms overlooking it are especially attractive to the boys.

Where are the literary lights of the third class? Please don't all speak at once.

A certain member of the Sophomore Class was saved from an untimely death recently by not being allowed to drink milk and eat lobster salad at luncheon.

Christmas will soon be here, but so will the mid-year exams.

It seems too bad that our boys cannot contain their spirits in the cars when they are returning from a football game. Shall we take them for kindergarten children, or Harvard freshmen?

The engagement is announced of John Bellamy Taylor, B. H. S., 1903, and Marcia Esterbrook Jones of the same class.

On November tenth we were all glad to have a holiday. Three days in succession without school gives anybody a chance to remember the "good old summer time."

It is too bad that teachers do not have a convention every time that the quarter's marks are handed in.

Three cheers for Arthur Tylee, the ping-pong champion!

One day Mr. P—came into Room 9 to see the programme and accidentally found his II. geometry class waiting for him.

Has the sun been shining so brightly into Room 8 that our benevolent friend Socrates has to wear a head dress for protection? No, he has been taking his luncheon and didn't know where to put the other napkin.

We all enjoyed a pleasant half hour the other morning. Mr. Cole gave us a little talk on the history of the waltz and Mr. Strong played us some old waltz music.

It was a great pleasure to have Dr. Lyon address us Friday, November twenty-first.

Carl Marshall, B. H. S., 1900, has been elected captain of the Harvard eleven, for the coming year. This is the second time in six years that a B. H. S. graduate has been captain of the Harvard eleven.

Carl Soule, B. H. S., 1900, has been chosen captain of the Annapolis eleven. Two captains named Carl in one year! The president of Class II. had better look out for himself.

Ping—"Here's a conundrum for you. Why is a IV. B boy of this year like an empty seat?"

Pong—"That's too easy. I suppose it's because he is never occupied."

Ping—"Wrong again. It's simply because he needs to be sat on."

A^1 GEOMETRY FOR CLASS OF ALL NEW-COMERS TO THE B. H. S.

PROPOSITION I. THEOREM.

1. If a young lady not over-shy desires the acquaintance of a gentleman somewhat too backward in her opinion (all instructors excepted) the young gentleman in order to avoid trouble will be obliged to undergo the wrath of the head-master.

Let A represent any young lady (teachers excepted) not over-shy, desiring the acquaintance of B, a young gentleman, somewhat modest.

To prove that in order to avoid trouble the young gentleman will incur the head-master's anger.

Proof. We know that this proposition is either true or not true.

If we suppose it is not true, let the young gentleman, B, start out from a recitation to his class room.

It is then evident that the young lady, A, although her recitation has been on the floor above, will take a straight line for the point of intersection of the paths of A and B. (A straight line is the shortest distance between two points.)

Then A and B will meet.

By the construction, A's book will slip to the floor at this point.

Therefore, B, being as aforestated, a gentleman, will return the book to its former position.

Then, according to axiom I., A's acquaintances will become aware of this encounter.

Hence B will find it necessary to adopt some other plan of locomotion from recitations.

Now let B charge for the dressing room door at the close of periods.

Then it is evident that the corridors will not be cleared until the next recitations begin.

Hence B will be somewhat tardy to his class room.

Again, the teacher, being disturbed at this, will send B to the head-master.

Then, since this episode is repeated more than once, B interviews the head-master many times.

$\therefore$ The head-master will become enraged.

We have now proven that B in order to avoid serious trouble must undergo the wrath of the head-master. H. L. D., '05.

LOCALS

Have you heard of the surprise parties in Room 8? One morning a boy was startled to find a black cat in his desk.

In II. B. History. Mr. S.—"Name an important thing that King James did."

Pupil—"He wrote a book on smoking."

Mr. S.—"Yes. Did you ever read it?"

By the fireside. Dreamer—"I can see my future in the fire."

Joker—"Rather a warm prospect, isn't it?"

Did you hear that we were going to have an extra week's vacation next summer? No, nor I.

Teacher—"Have you ever seen a green beard?"

Bright Pupil (in a cautious undertone)—"Yes, Cornelius."

"You're a big boy now, but your father still whips you, does he? That shows the force of habit," said the boy's uncle.

"No," blurted the boy, "it shows the habit of force."

A fourteen-year-old boy, whose devotion to his widowed mother is a pretty thing to see, was sent to a preparatory school in a town which is nearly a twenty-four hours journey from his home. He arrived in the late afternoon. Early the next morning he wrote the following letter, which his mother received as quickly as the mail could deliver it into her hands:—

Dear Ma,—I'm not a bit homesick, but I *should* think you might write to a fellow once in a while! Your affectionate

Tom.

My , but didn't that turkey taste good!

Mr. T. was seated in his office one day when a man entered. He presented Mr. T. with a note which stated that he was deaf and dumb, and asked the gentleman to buy a booklet worth ten cents. Mr. T., wishing to help the poor man and pitying his misfortune, purchased one of the booklets. The deaf and dumb man then went into the office next door and presented his note. As he stood with his back toward the door, Mr. T. came up behind him. "I'll take another one of those books," he said. The man turned quickly and held out the book. Since that day, the heart of Mr. T. has been hardened toward deaf and dumb beggars.

A certain young lady in III. A German was rather embarrassed when asked the question, "Wie alt sind Sie? (How old are you?)

In college English—"People were often tortured to death in these castles and never again came out alive."

We all know that Mr. B—ks has been guilty of many puns, but this is the limit—"You mustn't laugh about a funeral, it is a grave affair."

First Grind—"Why is the Fourth Class like a Pullman car?"
Second Grind—"Give it up."
First Grind—"Because it has a 'Sleeper' in it."

Mr. Bridgham was heard to say, in explanation of a certain theory in drawing, "This is the same thing, only different."

When are boys in the gymnasium like fairies? When they are having the wand drill.

What a collection of pipes this school has! They extend along two sides of the room, five deep.

Perhaps you are not aware that there are titles of nobility in our school. Nevertheless, there are two Earls, both sitting in Room 8.

The sport must have reached an end. One pen certainly reached the clock in Room 11, and sticks there yet as a memoir of some one's thoughtful tribute.

Have you ever received one of those short, confidential, reminding lectures usually inscribed in red ink. They are suggestive of a "wake up," "hurry up," nature,—qualities which the recipient should not overlook.

We wonder if the teacher meant it when she said, "Go to the board and take the princess with you."

Confused student to teacher—"If you want me to know anything, why don't you let me know it?"

Do you remember how fast the trees began to leave when, in September, the music lessons began in the hall?

There came near being an accident in the gymnasium a few days ago. H— S— was nearly hurt by falling in line.

The second class in American history was startled recently when Mr S— mentioned that he would "like to go away back," referring to a former period.

Why are the members of the debating club like the clocks in our school? They do not need winding.

Suppose each one of the football team has a B next year. Well, then they will make a B line for goal.

Customer—"Is that fabric of fine texture or coarse ? Of fine?"
Clerk—"Of course."

Folks used to be satisfied to laugh and grow fat. They use Force nowadays.

The two kinds of women who cause trouble,—she who loves to and she who loves two.

We think that those who sit in Room 7 are very fortunate to have a Cape this winter.

Has any one noticed before that the horse kept in the boys' gymnasium cannot be made to stay behind the stall bars?

The fact that the girls' gymnasium is neater in appearance than the boys' stands to reason when one considers that there are less bars in the first.

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JANUARY

1903

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There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 9 JANUARY, 1903 NUMBER 3

There's not a man of all that preach despair
Who, under his stolidity, would dare
A moment go without the inner trust
That something Blessed shall be found somewhere.

H. W. BYNNER, B. H. S., '98.
In McClure's Magazine.

TOM NICHOLS: A BOY OF '98

B-r-r-r-r-r-! Toot toot, toot a toot! Bang, bang!

"Come, Tom, get up and let's light out of this as fast as we can get. Reveillé is just sounding!" shouted Ben Willey, Tom's messmate and friend.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha-hum! Ah-h-h-h! yawned Tom." I feel as if I'd just as soon hear taps as reveillé. This guard duty in Cuban wilds is hard on your nerves."

Tom Nichols and his friend Ben Willey had enlisted in the —th Massachusetts volunteers when the first call was given. They had spent some time drilling in Framingham, then a period of waiting for the transports at Tampa. Now they had been in Cuba but a few days and were anxiously expecting orders for the front where there was something going on. The two boys had been companions from youngsters upward and were just about to enter their senior year at Harvard when they enlisted.

Responding to Ben's call, Tom got up and was dressed in a few minutes, and then, after a hasty breakfast, he went on guard duty.

At this time General Shafter needed some one to carry a dispatch to General Rabi, commander of the Cuban forces west of Santiago. So, as the captain of Tom's troop happened to be in his tent at the time, the General asked him to send the man to him whom he con-

sidered the most capable of going on a dangerous mission. The captain thought a moment and then sent Tom to the General, because he had always carried out his orders to the letter, and had always been willing and trustworthy.

When Tom entered the General's tent, the General looked up and Tom saluted.

"What is your name?" asked General Shafter, in a grave voice.

"Thomas Nichols," replied Tom, wondering what awful thing he had done to be called before the commander-in-chief.

"My boy," said the General, now in a pleasant tone, "I have a difficult mission for some one to accomplish. A mission which will involve the greatest of dangers, perhaps also the capture and imprisonment and even the death of the one attempting it. Now, what I wish to know is, do you want to undertake this?"

"I am willing and ready at all times to do whatever is in my power for my country, even though it may lead me to death itself," replied Tom.

"I like your words," said the General. "Now let us look over what must be done. These papers are to be given to General Rabi, commanding the Cuban forces west of Santiago. The way is not long, but it leads you straight through the Spanish lines. Here is a map of the surrounding country. Study this tonight, and tomorrow report here for your outfit and further orders. Good day!"

Upon this Tom saluted, and went out of the tent. What feelings rushed to his mind! What if he should be killed and no one ever should know his fate! Overcoming these feelings with the thought that he was going to do this for his country's sake, Tom pressed on to his tent. Here he told to Ben all that had happened. When Ben heard the story he was exultant at Tom's success and wished him good luck.

The next morning, after parting with Ben, Tom reported for his outfit and had last orders at General Shafter's tent. Here a peasant's suit and a horse were in readiness for him. The papers were placed between the leather of the sole of one of his shoes. General Shafter's last words were, "The success of this whole campaign may depend on your delivering this message. Whatever the cost, don't give up!"

With these words ringing in his ears, Tom set out on his mission, little expecting what he should have to go through before he reached

the desired goal, yet fully realizing the great perils of his journey. His course lay right on the road to Santiago; and when he had gone some few miles he dismounted to get a drink of water from a spring nearby. While he was drinking he heard horsemen approaching down the road from the direction in which he was going.

He immediately tethered his horse some distance from the road and then jumped into a thicket. The sound of the galloping horses came nearer and nearer, until Tom heard men's voices above the din. When the horsemen arrived near Tom they reined up to get a drink from the spring. After all were refreshed, they lay down and talked in loud tones. Tom strained to catch their words. They spoke Spanish, which Tom understood fairly well, as he had studied it at college. He learned from occasional snatches of the conversation that they were scouts from the Spanish force nearby at Sevilla. At last they mounted and were on the point of riding away when Tom's horse began to neigh. Fancy Tom's feelings at this sound!

The Spaniards wheeled about and made for the place whence the sound came. They soon found the horse, and then started a search for its rider, whom they believed must be somewhere in the immediate vicinity. Tom hugged the ground as closely as he could, and barely breathed. One of the Spaniards stepped within a yard of him and, flourishing his sword, cut off the top leaves of the bush in which he was hiding. Every minute seemed an hour to Tom; but finally the soldiers left him and searched farther down the road. This was his opportunity. Creeping at first, then carefully walking, and finally breaking into a run, he went on towards Sevilla.

About a mile this side of the town, Tom made a wide circuit and at last reached the road on the other side, about three o'clock. He was now fully five miles east of Santiago, in the midst of the enemy's country, with no horse, and no provisions. He had, however, a straight road before him, yet he dared not travel in the road for fear of the ravaging bands of Spaniards. He decided to lie down and get what rest he could before dusk, and then to travel on by starlight when it would be safer. Selecting what seemed a secure place in the shrubbery a short distance from the road, he lay down and was soon asleep.

About five o'clock a band of lawless Spaniards, commonly called "guerillas" came down the road and stopped near where Tom lay

asleep. They dismounted and prepared to set up a camp for the night. There was an old woman with them, who began to cook some meal cakes over a fire which the men were feeding with brushwood. While the Spaniards were looking round for more fuel one of them stumbled over Tom, an incident which gave a great surprise to both parties. "Is that you, Ben?" said Tom, half asleep. The Spaniard grabbed Tom by the collar and began to give him a good shaking, an act which soon convinced Tom that Ben was not present. All the other Spaniards rushed to the scene of action at the first cry of surprise. The leader addressed himself to Tom.

"How do you come here, sir?"

Unwittingly Tom replied in English, "I am only a poor farmer taking a quiet nap in the woods."

Unfortunately one of the troop understood English somewhat and when he heard Tom speak he shouted, "He's a Yankee pig! Down with the Yankee pig!" The leader had hard work to restrain the eager Spaniards from doing violence to Tom, but he succeeded in calming them down at last, and then after searching him he ordered his hands to be bound behind his back and Tom himself to be bound to a tree. The Spaniards turned away then to eat their cakes and drink their whiskey. F.A.R., '04.

(*To be continued.*)

A DISTURBING ENCOUNTER

TO be waked up at midnight by the uncanny sounds accompanying a fight between two cats is exceedingly annoying; but to witness such a battle in broad daylight is both interesting and ludicrous.

A large tom cat is walking peaceably across the lawn in search of some warm, sunny corner in which to take a nap, when suddenly he spies a similar animal watching him from a doorway. He stops to consider a moment, but remembers some stolen tid-bit or a former battle in which he was defeated, and begins to growl in a low tone. The challenge is answered by a howl of defiance from the doorway,

and the two enemies slowly advance with glaring green eyes and flapping tails. They stop, draw back, each is afraid to make the first attack. Their howls of anger gradually increase, the larger animal beats the ground with his tail, and the other arches his back and spits. This spit is the final signal; they spring at each other's throats, spitting, howling, scratching, clawing, and biting, while bits of fur fly in every direction. A window in a neighboring house is raised and a man's boot is flung out. As the aim is very poor and the cats continue to rouse the neighborhood by their squalls, the contents of a water pitcher follow the boot. Although the water fails to reach the combatants, its splash has the desired effect. The noble warriors withdraw from the field of battle, and their wounds call forth most dismal and disconsolate wails. The window is closed with a triumphant slam. R. E., '05.

HOW WE PLAYED A TRICK

ABOUT a week ago, as a special treat, I was allowed to ask my chum, M. G., to spend the night with me, and, according to our custom on such occasions, we determined to play a trick on some member of the family. My brother Ned was the victim for that night's plot, because he had refused to tell us were he was going to spend the evening. For such a crime we both thought he deserved a very severe punishment. Of course it is always great fun to make Ned an "apple-pie" bed or to wake him up early in the morning by blowing a fog horn; but this time we wanted something new and original. So all the afternoon we plotted and planned, and at last decided upon a fine scheme.

Before Ned was fairly out of the house, M. and I hurried upstairs with an alarm clock. On being asked what the alarm clock was for, I gave the misleading reply that we were afraid we should oversleep the next morning. Then we got a piece of string and our old graphophone and stealthily made our way into Ned's room, which was next to mine. We tied one end of the piece of string to the little lever which starts the graphophone and the other end to the little screw of the clock which turns when the alarm goes off.

Then we set the alarm at five minutes past eight (it was just eight o'clock then) and waited for the result. Sure enough, in just five minutes the alarm went off, pulling the string attached to the lever, and the mechanism of the phonograph started. I must say we were delighted with our success. The first trial was even better than we had anticipated. We set the alarm at half past eleven, and having placed the cylinder containing one of Sousa's loudest marches upon the phonograph, we placed the whole concern under Ned's bed, and then went peacefully to bed ourselves.

At last, after what seemed perfect ages, we heard Ned come in the front door, go up-stairs, and enter his room.

"Won't he be raving mad when he is waked up from a sound sleep by that melodious music?" M. giggled.

"Yes, indeed," I whispered back. "But, say, what time is it by your watch?"

"Quarter past eleven."

We waited and waited, but all seemed perfectly peaceful and quiet in the next room. Finally, after many ingenious speculations as to why our trick had failed, we both fell asleep wholly disgusted with everybody and everything.

The next morning, at the very first opportunity, M. and I hurried up into Ned's room and pulled the apparatus out from under the bed. We looked at the clock and then we looked at each other. M. was the first to break the silence.

"Why, we forgot to wind the clock, and it stopped at twenty minutes past eleven," she said. "How simple!" F. A. M., '04.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

ONE evening last week I started in to study at ten o'clock, and I was just getting into my Latin when I heard my mother say to me, "Please, Bob, seal, stamp, and mail this letter, will you?" Now, we all know, that to ask a boy to mail a letter is to run a great risk; but to ask one to seal, stamp, and mail a letter is almost too great a hazard for any one to take. I was no exception to the general run of boys—and I put the letter into the mail box without even glancing at it.

As I walked back to the house I suddenly remembered my omission, and ran home as fast as I could. On entering the house I innocently asked, "Did you stamp that letter?" I will not write what followed; but it ended in my going back to the letter-box and waiting for the collector to come for the letters, so that I might get the epistle when he took the letters from the box and mail it in proper condition. Father said that the postman would come around about quarter past ten, and that I should not have to wait long.

The letter-box was right under an electric light, and as I stood there waiting, I wondered what the few people passing by thought of me, hanging by the corner at that time of night. But soon I got tired of wondering and of waiting. I had been to hockey practice that afternoon, so I leaned up against the lamp-post and rested my head against the letter-box. It wouldn't be my choice of couches, but I was immediately carried away to room eight, and I was just telling Dr. Roberts that the reason I did not get my Latin was because I had fallen asleep at my desk studying, when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I quickly opened my eyes and said, "What in the deuce do you want?" but recognizing my next door neighbor and the fact that I was occupying most of the outside of the letter-box, I apologized and walked off. I saw him mail a letter and scowl suspiciously at me as he walked away.

After a little stroll I returned to my post, wondering where my friend the box collector was. I struck a match and read on the front of the box that mail was collected at eleven P. M. As it was almost that time I decided to be a hero and a martyr and stick to my post.

Then I took up my old position and resumed my interrupted nap; but I had not dozed long when the night policeman laid violent hands on me and told me to withdraw. I refused to obey his command, and assured him that I was not "Jack-the-Slugger," nor did I look like him, and if the kitchen maids were afraid of me I was not to blame. This angered his majesty of the law, and he was just going to take active measures when at last the collector came up and I was allowed to get my letter. To my horror and amazement it was sealed and stamped like all the rest! My astonishment was great; and the policeman thought that I was crazy. I beat a hasty retreat and returned home, glad to seek repose in a more comfortable

place than a lamp-post. One question, however, bothered me. Who mailed the letter? I don't know, but evidently either Mother or I was absent-minded.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH HIRED GIRLS

OUR stock of girls had run out, sad to say, and I had tried for a week to get a good one to take Sarah's place. In vain I sought. At every turn Irish girls, with red hair and cheeks, Swedes with fat and expressionless faces, and flippant Negro maids, came to inquire what wages I could give them if they should condescend to spend their time in my house.

The first was Bridget, a woman of perhaps thirty years of age. She came one fine afternoon, as I was just trying to take a nap. Her face beamed with good nature, but her patronizing air disconcerted me a little, as she seated herself in the most spacious chair in the room. After each question of whether she could cook, make beds, dust rooms, she bobbed her head, crowned with a bonnet of many colors, and quickly replied, "O yis, mum, I can do all of thim." When, however, she thought her turn to question had come she quickly asked, "What will you pay, mum? Are there iny babies in the house? What afternoons can I have out?" and "Do you do ye's own stretching?" This last question, as I found out later, meant that she desired to know whether I did all the waiting on table myself or not. When I replied that I expected the servant to wait at table, she arose indignantly and said that she didn't think she had better stay in a family "what was so fastijous."

A little later in the afternoon a small colored girl, whose name was Topsy, appeared. She was the happy possessor of a great many frizzly pig-tails protruding from her head in all directions, and dancing eyes which immediately told me that she was not the one to stay long at a task.

Before dinner a Swedish girl came who had many things to learn besides the English tongue. Still, as she was neat and well-appearing, I agreed to take her on trial for a week. Some of her mistakes were very funny, but I always refrained as much as possible from

laughing, for she was very sensitive. For instance, after I had sent her to the cellar for a spider one day, she returned with a terrible black insect inclosed in a meal sack. Once when I was attempting to teach her to say that bread was stale and not old she surprised me by replying quickly, "Oh, yes, but it's a pity your husband is so much staler than you."

At this juncture I retired from the kitchen in a wild paroxysm of mirth, which comes back every time I think of the mistake. As I find that Gretchen is good and quick to learn, she is still in my employ. H. A., '04.

ATHLETICS

AT the last meeting of the School Committee it was voted to take the management of the athletics of the school from the hands of the present Association, and place it under the control of a committee. This committee is to consist of Mr. Sanford, Mr. Nissen, two undergraduates, and one graduate. How the last three named are to be chosen is not specified. This necessarily dissolves the present Athletic Association, and throws the present officers out of office. A committee representing the school met Mr. Aldrich and talked the matter over with him, and it was decided to refer the whole matter to a committee composed of Mr. Sanford, Mr. Packard, Dr. Roberts, and the present officers of the Association, to revise and hand to the School Committee a constitution which will conform with the rules of the School Committee and our present Association. In the meantime, the athletics are to continue as before, and the officers are to retain their positions. It seems too bad that our present Association, which has been so successful, must now be given up. The Association has been run on a business basis, and has been able, since its revision, to pay all debts, and to aid greatly the athletics of the school. This is due to a great extent to Mr. Packard, who has been the treasurer since its revisal. This change has turned things completely around and aroused a good deal of feeling among the boys, but we believe that the matter

will be settled to the satisfaction of the school and the School Committee. It also seems to the executive committee that the school owes the good management of its athletics in many ways to the president of the Association, Warren D. Thompson, who has been its president for the last two years; the work which he has done has been greatly appreciated by all who have worked with him.

THE HOCKEY TEAM

Winter is here in earnest now, and with the cold weather comes the question of an ice hockey team. From present indications the prospect for a winning hockey team seems unusually bright. Last year's brilliant record has certainly acted as a great stimulus to the fellows, for the number of candidates who reported in the gymnasium on December 2d far outnumbers last year's list. Among those who turned out were Shine, Heintzmann, F. Allen, Dutton, Bittenbender, C. Allen, C. Brett, G. Bartlett, DeFriez, R. Brackett, P. Brackett, Tylee, Tomlin, Dexter, Townsend, Bush, Davidson, Erhard, Richey and Mitchell. With four of the old players back again, we certainly ought to be able to choose a strong team, from the candidates named: a team which shall be well worthy of representing Brookline High. The football and baseball teams for many years back have been unfortunate in not being able to carry off the championships. It is to the hockey team, now, that we all look for a repetition of last year's victory. The ice hockey team certainly has the hearty support of the student body, as is seen by the number of candidates who are trying for the three vacant positions. Now, let the Athletic Association come forward and lend its financial aid, for without the necessary shekels victory is indeed far off. Let everybody enter heart and soul into the task of putting on the ice a championship hockey team. Let every girl and every fellow come to the games and cheer the Alma Mater on to victory. Then we shall see! Then we shall see!

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

The first game of the season was played at Malden, near the end of October. Our girls won by seven points, the score being 13-6. Most of the good playing was done in the second half. The following girls made up the B. H. S. team: Misses Morse, Tuckerman,

Beard, Chick, Burpee, G. Jolly and H. Jolly. Miss Beard is captain of the team this year, and Miss French is manager. There will be a game with Dean Academy in the near future, and it is hoped that many of the girls will go and support the team. It is very discouraging to play a game when the spectators are all for the opposite side. So let all the girls of the B. H. S. give their hearty support to the Basket Ball team, in this game and all those that follow.

ÆNEID

BOOK I.

THE ROMANTIC COURTSHIP OF QUEENIE DYEDOUGH

Good Æneas A. Preeg am I,
Illustrious French my parentage;
Renowned above the stars in fame.
But why talk I of what the world,
The whole, wide world, already knows?
My first *affaire de coeur* you beg,
And, though my soul, rememb'ring, shrinks,
Yet I begin:

One evening at a swell *soirée*
There dawned upon my vision first
A regal maid, all shining bright
As to her cheeks with rosy hue,
While her ambrosial locks forth breathed
A perfume fragrant and divine.
By every glance she winged to me
I saw that Cupid in my cause
Had pierced her heart with poisoned shafts,
And when I twirled her in the waltz
She said, "Wilt thou not grant this boon
To glide with me in swift canoe?"
And I, perplexed, with many a sigh,
Her anguish to divert, consent.
Th' appointed day arrived, she comes,
And finds me wearing at my side

A fob all starred with jaspar gold,
A graceful raglan, loosely draped
And hanging from my shoulders broad;
Eke hose with Tyrian purple glow.
Soft cushions worked in saffron hues,
With slim acanthus leaves now form
The cozy nest in which I lie
And watch Miss Dyedough as she sends
Canoe a flying o'er the deep.

I see the love in Queenie's eye;
Compassionate, at last I cry,
"O Queenie! Well, indeed, I see
How desperately thou lovest me,
So wilt thou not my true wife be?"
She drops the paddle, gives a cry,
Stretches her palms up to the sky.

Alas! that very moment, Ah!
Around a bend not far away,
Till now hid by the shore, appears,
With lofty prow, a small steam launch.
Forthwith my limbs with fright do quake
And icy fear my blood congeals.
I groan, and pouring forth my tears,
"Oh, thrice and four times happy, they
Who at this moment on the bank
In benches sit, all high and dry!
What fate caused me to come?" I cry.

Me pouring forth such words as these,
The launch plows past, with roaring gasps,
And in its wake, the billows high
Rise tow'ring to the very sky.
"O Mama!" shriek I, "Mama! Oh!
O Mama! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!"
The yawning deep between two waves
Discloses grinning earth below;
Canoe o'erturns, we're headlong hurled
And swallowed in the driving surge.

Restored to vital air once more,
I found I lay on a cabin floor,
A cabin floor in the fateful launch.
Not far away was She bestowed
All wrapped in rugs and talking low
With a youth adorned with a flat gray hat
And a crimson tie at his lily throat.
In pity for her state of heart
I 'pproached and seized her ear with words,
"Most beauteous Queen, not yet thou'st made
A fit reply to my request."

There flashed between that youth and her
(Sure, from his care, her brother 't was)
A glance whose drift I could not see;
Then, eyes on ground, she soft replied
In meekness due, such words as these:
"You do me honor far too great,
O noble son of crusade blood,
Your valor shown in crisis past
Has proved to me your ancestry.
No royal maid am I, deemed fit
By fate for such alliance high
As you, too generous-hearted, grant.
Farewell!" and parting full of grief,
Toward me her back she quickly turned.
In pity for her sad distress
Her brother, kindly-hearted youth,
In clouds of linen handkerchief
His countenance obscured.

But as for me, I turned away,
Relieved, yet musing, "Woman e'er
A creature fickle, changing, weak."

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EDITORIALS

The new year has begun. As we look back upon the past year, the year of nineteen-two, it seems to have passed more quickly than any of the preceding ones. A great many things have happened since last January. We have said farewell to one class and have welcomed another into our midst. A new senior class sits in Room 10, and those who were regarded as "freshies," last year, can gaze with dignity and scorn upon those who have taken their places. And at this time next year, our senior class will have left the school, and the boys and girls will have taken up a life entirely different from the regular routine that they have been accustomed to for a dozen or more years. This is the time when many good resolutions are made and broken. This is the time when we forget the trials and tribulations of the past year and look forward to the unknown joys of the year to come. Welcome, nineteen-three! May you be the happiest year of our life!

A short time ago the rumor ran through the school that the coal bins were empty. Not much sorrow was felt by the pupils at this news. All began to hope that in consequence the school would close; but their spirits fell when they learned that some coal had been procured and more was forthcoming. Now, we all know that the poor are suffering from the cold. Why couldn't we sacrifice ourselves and do a little in charity? We might set a certain day for the distribution of coal and invite all to come to the school and receive a share. Then, when the coal bins were empty, school could be closed for two or three weeks. Who will consult Mr. Aldrich about this little plan?

Let us hope there will be no more days like December ninth. It is very seldom that we long to reach the school building, but on that day the distance seemed endless. Over thirty pupils were obliged to consult the doctor, who came to attend to the frozen ears and hands. Those who reached the school uninjured had reason to be very thankful.

How do you like the short recess? There is a difference of opinion in regard to this matter. Some do not object to being obliged to swallow their lunches whole in order to get out of school fifteen minutes earlier than of yore. True, the afternoon seems longer and the additional fifteen minutes sometimes make a good deal of difference in the afternoon's pleasure, but are n't those minutes valued more highly when taken in the middle of a morning of study? After being hurried from one recitation to another, it is a great relief to be able to sit down and think a moment. Although some are in favor of the long recesses, it would seem that the majority prefer the short ones. Therefore, I suppose we shall continue to hurry and bustle from early morn to dewy eve — this being the custom of the world in general at the present time.

EXCHANGE COLUMN

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."

Nevertheless it is very hard to find the relishable nonsense. The path of the Editor, whose solemn duty it is to cull the "funny" things from exchanges, is beset with difficulties. After perusing with great care and greater weariness the "funny" columns of the exchanges, the Editor grabs the shears and paste-pot and with fiendish haste carves out enough nonsense to fill the allotted space— then falls over in a faint. During his leisure hours he frequents the cemeteries and the stone-cutters' shops, looking for a suitable monument for himself. He is firmly convinced that he will, alas! need it soon, the "jokes" which he is compelled by stern duty to read being so "killingly funny."

Being a convivial sort of chap, and fond of much company wherever he goes, he this month inflicts the following on his unsuspecting readers:—

An exchange from the wild and wooly West ventures the opinion that ghosts talk in Latin or Greek, or some other of the dead languages.

No doubt this came from Chelsea High:—

Witness (being cross-examined)—"The man I saw was a man with one eye named Wilkins."

Lawyer (interrupting)—"What was the name of the other eye?"

Eggsasperating, isn't it?—

"What's that?" asked the old hen, as she observed a strange plant in the garden.

"That," replied the goose, "is what they call an egg plant."

"An egg plant, eh?" rejoined the old hen. "Well, they say that competition is the life of trade; but I'm getting too old to take any chances, so I'll just nip this one in the bud."—Ex.

There was a young lady from Gloucester
Whose name was Penelope Foucester,
Had she spelt it this way,
It is easy to say,
We should not have known how to accoucester.—Ex.

Funny, isn't it?

The man who gets on well usually gets well off.

Said one who sought from Jerrold's purse a guinea-piece to borrow,
"Have you that confidence in me to loan it till tomorrow?"
Then Jerrold, not abashed, replied unto this precious ninny,
"Oh! yes; I've all the confidence, but haven't got the guinea."
—Ex.

NEWS NOTES

The officers of the Fourth Class have been chosen as follows: president, Ralph Marshall; vice-president, Dorothy Gooding; treasurer, Chester Bailey; secretary, Maurice Blake.

We were very fortunate in having three of our boys make the interscholastic football team. Thompson, Floyd, and Lincoln were the honored ones.

Mr. Cole procured another excellent soloist to sing to us, a few weeks ago. Those who do not take music this year are missing a great treat.

Those dreadful mid-year exams will soon be here. But why this dread? Of course everybody will pass with an H, as usual.

What a relief it is to hear the bells ring on a snowy morning!

Carl Lincoln has been elected captain of next year's football team.

Did you see poor Teddy's ears?

Henry Hirshberg, '02, made the Harvard Freshman debating club.

Charles Rowley, '01, played on the Harvard Sophomore football team.

How many times did you fall down on your way to school that icy morning in December?

Claude Holwill, 1900, sends greetings from China.

In looking over some of the registration cards, one was found on which was stated the startling fact that a certain young man's guardian was Mr. D. S. Sanford, and that his occupation was that of a minister. Quite a revelation!

An unacquainted visitor, passing up Cypress street, asked a pupil what kind of a factory it was across the campus. The merciless pupil answered that it was an agricultural college, and that the gardens could be seen from Tappan street.

All those scholars without gymnasium shoes may now blame Santa Claus.

The long-expected Christmas holidays are a thing of the past, now. Cheer up. We shall have to grind only about one hundred and fifty days more.

Why is Brookline High so well equipped with coal? Malden and Belmont High enjoyed a vacation beginning December fifth.

Skating is here at last! Good luck to you and your team, Dick!

Two girls were on the wounded list in consequence of basket ball and hockey practice: Hazel Funk and Alice Newman, both of '05.

The engagement of Elvira Eglee, 1902, to Earle Potter, 1900, has recently been announced.

Have you ever noticed how poor the recitations always are when we have visitors? O, that they could know how brilliant we are when nobody is around!

The members of I. B Engish are enjoying lessons in spelling and English grammar. Mr. Sanford thought that the pupils should be able to spell and write the English language correctly before they undertook to master the writings of Shakspere. Every one must agree that he is quite right in the matter.

We were all glad to see some of our old schoolmates back at school near Christmas time.

A typographical error announced an engagement in the class of '03. Of course the date should read '93.

SOME ATTEMPTS

Christmas brought many presents,
A ball, a top, a kite,
But the one I liked the best of all
Was a ton of anthracite.

"Mama," exclaimed the little boy,
"I wish Carl was my name,
'Cause that's what they call the captains
In that lovely football game."

The boys begin to tremble,
And think of future toils;
Beware, ye youths, of the maidens!
They are learning to use the foils.

"The animals came by two and two,
The elephant and the kangaroo."
If I had only seen the sight!
I wonder if they kept to the right?

There is a theory, well known to builders, that new houses are always cold. This fact was demonstrated on December ninth, for the Newhouse in Room 19 was so cold that its ears were frozen.

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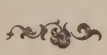

LOCALS

A member of English A recently referred to woman as "the fairer sex."

Teacher—"Who was Cerberus?"

Pupil—"Cerberus was the three-headed janitor of Hades."

The pupil who made the following statement must have been reading the newspaper at the time when he was studying his lesson. "Richard Coeur de Lion was called the Black Slugger from the fact that he was dressed in black and seemed unwilling to enter the combat until his aid was needed for Ivanhoe."

Pupil—"Please, may I change my eyes, the sun is in my seat."

A.—"Why is Room 20 like every well-equipped hunting party?"

B.—"Why that's dead easy. There's a Winchester in it."

(It must be distinctly understood that it is not an advertisement.)

Dogs are very wonderful animals to be sure, but we greatly doubt the veracity of the following statement that was made by a translator in I. Latin: "While hunting the scent of the deer reached the ears of the dogs."

Some of the scholars in Room 8 were surprised to hear the teacher read the following notice before the class: "Shine, Cook, and Kickham." We wonder how it could be done.

Many of the boys, Mr. Cook says, have been making frequent visits of late to the cellar to inspect the coal supply, but to their sorrow they find that there is enough fuel in the bins to keep the school warm for some time to come. The prospect of having a vacation seems rather dim.

Heard in the German class:—

"Why is a ship a feminine noun?'

"Oh, because it has so much rigging."

Mr. S.—"What is that noise in Room 19?"

Mr. C.—"It's only Mr. Case's geometry class. They are dropping perpendiculars."

Owing to the present scarcity of fuel, the Coleman in Room 18 should be in great demand.

In the English class:—

"Did you say 'teller' for narrator? This is not a dry goods store, you know."

Schoolboy's yarn:—

Last week at the prize fight over at Falldon, a man slipped while on top of a ladder and fell through two rounds.

Pupils are hereby warned not to fasten signs on the back of the Newhouse of the High School.

Usually things put on the shelf are said to hold the shelf down, but it is doubtful whether anything put on the Brackett in Room 7 could do this.

Why is any clock in the school like a geometry teacher. It has two hands, a face, and points out figures.

Cold snap, was n't it! Yes, but no snap for the unfortunates who were frozen.

Did you hear the latest mishap? Well, the thermometer fell twelve degrees, last night.

From an English Class:— "An organist once slipped on an organ peal. The gentleman was very angry at the time and struck the ground hard."

A favorite question:—

"Why is the library like a recitation room?"

"Because you are sure to be called upon" (for an excuse).

Is it a wonder that the suits from Room 10 look up-to-date when there is a Taylor there?

A.—"My sister says she hates to go to the dressmaker's."

B.—"Is it trying on dresses?"

A.—"No, its trying on the nerves."

The boys of the second class in the B division are happy to have something new to hammer upon. The forge work is now under way and comes after a somewhat lengthy period of drawing, so they will welcome the change and take it up with renewed interest.

Cold cure. One of the members of Class II. had his cold suddenly checked by the freezing of the most prominent part of his face.

May's young brother to bashful young gentleman:— "Say, what's that thing on your lip? an eyebrow?"

Bashful young gentleman—"No, what does it look like?"

Little Brother—"Dirt!"

If Mr. Snow wishes to cut switches, he will find a Bush in Room 19.

Instructor—"You can't multiply two things of a different kind.

Pupil—"How about two quarts of potatoes × two pounds of meat = one hash?"

Room 19 is proud of its strong man, Sampson.

If any one is hungry at recess, he may apply at Room 19 for Rice.

Stout lady, to clerk—"I want a yard and a half of ribbon to make a belt."

Salesman (under his breath)—"Too bad, all that has to go to waist."

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ANTHONY D. WATSON.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 9 FEBRUARY, 1903 NUMBER 4

FEBRUARY

Fast the winter days are fleeting,
Efflorescent Spring draws near,
Buds will soon put forth their greeting,
Returning songsters charm the ear.
Underneath their snowy blanket
All the flowers are slumbering,
Resting through the wintry weather;
Yearning for the Spring.

R. S. R. '03.

A LETTER FROM HAMPTON INSTITUTE

HAMPTON, VA., December 9, 1902.

KIND FRIENDS,—The time has again come for us to write our scholarship letters. As I begin this letter it brings to my mind fresh memories of the visit that I made to the High School almost a year ago. I often think of the different departments that I visited and how they made me think of Hampton, although they were not as extensive as ours are. I would like very much to see the new building that was being built when I was there.

Most of my time since I wrote you last has been spent here on the school grounds. At the close of last term I was promoted to the Senior Class. You remember I was away about six weeks during last term, and some of the teachers were afraid that I would fail, but I didn't; I am still in the Night School, and will finish my trade in June. I stayed here and worked for Mrs. Young during the month of July and worked at my trade the balance of the summer. The boys in the carpentry department have had a good deal of practical work during this past summer. We first finished the last floor

of Cleveland Hall, which is used for the girls' dormitory. There is also a double house being built, mostly by the boys, that will cost about $3,500. A modern barn is about completed on the School farm; the boy's gymnasium has been torn down and is being rebuilt much larger. The most of all this work has been and is being done by the boys in the carpentry department.

A fire-proof library is being erected where the gymnasium was. That work is not being done by the students. Our department has plenty of work. It will soon be time for my class to go back to the Trade School, where we will get further instruction in mechanical drawing. We will probably be a little late going in on the account of so much work on hand.

Everything has been going pretty well with me; I feel that I have been blessed. I have had one sad misfortune since I wrote you last. My oldest sister (16 years) died September 27. That was pretty sad for me, but God is just and always does what is right. "Everything works together for the good of those who love God." I went home and stayed about a week. I guess you remember how in my first letter I told you about how I left home without my father's consent and against his will. I did not expect to go back until I had finished here. But I went on account of the death of my sister. My father was very glad to see me. It had been three years since I left him. He put his arms around me and cried and he was glad that I took the step that I did.

Dear friends, it is what you are doing for me, and the influence of Hampton Institute that is making my father proud of me.

I hope that I may ever prove worthy of the help that is being given me. I hope to be able to visit the school again some day.

Again thanking you for your kindness, I remain

Yours very gratefully,

ANTHONY D. WATSON.

TOM NICHOLS: A BOY OF '98

(Continued from January number.)

WHEN they had finished their repast, they all lay down on the ground and were snoring away in less than five minutes. The old woman still sat up tending the fire. Many desperate ideas

came into Tom's head for escape, but he could not decide upon any that suited him. Finally his fetters pained him so greatly that he could endure them no longer. Thereupon he resolved upon a bold move. By twisting and turning, he managed to get into his hand a piece of money which the "guerillas" had overlooked. Then he beckoned to the old woman with his head and she came silently toward him. He showed her the gold piece and motioned toward his fetters. She understood, but shook her head and went back to the fire. Poor Tom was nearly distracted. What could he try next? He was just about to give up when he noticed a figure approaching him. It was the old woman again. In her hand was a gleaming machete. Did this fiend mean to kill him in cold blood? He was soon to find out. She came on as silently as before, but this time with a determined look in her eyes. When she was near enough, she held out her hand to Tom, and he instinctively dropped the gold piece into it She then quickly cut his bonds and returned to the fire. Tom stood still for some few minutes until he was sure that no one was awake. Then he noiselessly stepped behind the nearest tree and crept out to the road. Free again!

No time was to be lost; so he made his way down the road as quickly as possible, expecting to fall among some Spanish pickets or scouts, or to hear the "guerillas" coming up behind him. However, he had good luck and heard no sound but the screeching of some night bird, or the rustling of the leaves in the tops of the trees. It was now nearly midnight. Tom had gone perhaps four miles and was on the outskirts of Santiago. He did not wish to get too near the city, so he made a wide detour, and by some special intervention of his guardian spirit, arrived at the other side of the city without being captured. He had twice fallen into the hands of the Spanish outposts during his last detour, but had managed each time to bluff his way through, by pretending that he was a peasant farmer with information for the Spanish authorities in Santiago. Twice he had been asked for passes, and, having handed over a blank piece of paper, he had escaped before any one could catch him.

From this point forward, Tom had no trouble. He proceeded directly to General Rabi's headquarters three or four miles out of Santiago and delivered his papers. When Tom told his story, the general could not say enough in praise of his pluck and perseverance.

Tom rested during the day and then set out on his return journey, with a reply for General Shafter. This time Tom decided to go directly through the city of Santiago. It was about eight o'clock in the evening as Tom entered the city by the west gate and started leisurely to walk down the streets to the east gate. I say leisurely, for Tom thought that if he walked hurriedly some one might suspect his nationality, for Spaniards are not energetic. He had not gone far, however, when he met a jolly crowd of Spanish soldiers, who took Tom for a regular hayseed and began to have some fun with him. One grabbed his hat, another tripped him up, and still another tried to keep him down. Tom rolled over and over and over with the latter, amid a constantly increasing crowd. When Tom discovered that he was one of a large crowd, he made a wild effort and freed himself from his antagonist. The minute that the light flashed in his face some one realizing that he was not a Spaniard, or a Cuban yelled out, "A Yankee pig!" Tom immediately replied by landing one fist squarely on the speaker's jaw and then turned and fled for his life. Now Tom had a good record as a sprinter at Harvard; but, as he himself afterward declared, the dash which he made that night would have beaten the world's record. On, on he ran, around corners, through yards, over fences and down dark alleys, for the east gate with the crowd in full pursuit. Finally the massive iron gate loomed up before him, and, making one last plunge, he reached the outside. Here he quickly dodged into a thicket and lay hidden until the crowd had ceased hunting for him. Then he went forward on his way.

At daybreak, he stopped at a spring for a drink. Tethered nearby, he saw a beautiful charger which could have belonged to no one of lower rank than a colonel. Suddenly seized with a thought, Tom ran up to the horse, mounted him and galloped away.

At a turn in the road he saw a group of Spanish horsemen in earnest conversation. Thereupon, he put his horse into a fast gallop and dashed right through the midst of the astonished horsemen.

Entirely put off their guard by his sudden appearance, the men hardly knew what to do. Suddenly one yelled, "After him, boys!" They needed no second call. Spurring on their horses, they galloped full speed after him. Tom had the lead by about a hundred yards, but this did not trouble his pursures any. Their little horses, well

built for running, rapidly gained on Tom's heavy charger. Soon one of the Spaniards spurted ahead of the rest. At last he was within five yards of Tom. Quick as a flash, Tom turned and fired the revolver which he always carried. He hit his pursuer's horse in the side, and the poor beast staggered and fell, throwing its rider five feet in the air over its head. The rest of the company reined up as they came to their fallen comrade. This was just what Tom wanted and he spurred ahead to gain as much space as he could between himself and his pursuers. Looking back he saw that they had taken up the course again, with renewed vigor. Almost dead with exhaustion, Tom kept right ahead, hardly knowing where he was going. At a sharp turn in the road, he broke right into another band of horsemen. The man nearest him seized his bridle and Tom heard him saying, "Well, if that isn't Tom Nichols, then I'm another." From this time Tom knew no more until he revived and found Ben bending over him. "Well done, old man!" exclaimed Ben, "we've chased those Spanish horsemen and they are our prisoners now." "I thought they had me once, surely," replied Tom.

"It's all right now, anyway. You did magnificently!"

"I did my best, and if I have helped my country, that's all the reward I want," Tom concluded.

That was not, however, all the reward Tom received. In a few days a curious looking document came to him which read: "Thomas Nichols is promoted from the rank of private to the rank of sergeant in the ——th Massachusetts Volunteers, for remarkable courage, pluck, and perseverance in carrying out a perilous mission."

F. A. R. '04.

THE TEAM RACE

DURING the month preceding the interscholastic meet, no one had trained harder or more steadily than Wentworth. All the time that could possibly be spared from his lessons, was spent in the gymnasium. Realizing the honor which his classmates conferred upon him by choosing him to represent them on the track team, he had determined to show himself worthy of their trust.

At length the night of the race had arrived, and no one was in finer condition than Wentworth; and as he stood listening to the last

words of the coach, he knew it and felt confident. The hall was crowded, for the "rooters" of the schools to contest were out in force and the cheering was terrific. The great event of the day, the team race, was scheduled as the last event. Heat after heat of the preliminaries, and then the finals of the hundred-yard dash were run, and Wentworth saw his school capture second and third places, while Briden Academy, their rival, won first.

Thus, events followed close on one another, Briden always keeping slightly in the lead, but not enough ahead to discourage her opponents' rooters, who cheered incessantly. At last, all the events except the team race had been run off, and the points stood 47-46 in favor of Briden. Four schools were entered in the team race and as Wentworth saw the captain of his team crouching at the line, he felt himself suddenly weaken.

The first and second men both gained slightly, but the third runner lost all the gain and more besides, and Wentworth was to run fourth. Pulling himself together, he stood waiting for the third man to finish. Then he was off on the seemingly hopeless task of gaining the lost distance. Nevertheless, he steadily gained and at the end of the third lap he was close behind the leaders, but could not pass, as they were running abreast and the track was narrow. Wentworth was weakening every moment, under the intense strain. Would the leaders never separate? Suddenly the Briden man stumbled and went down. With one last effort Wentworth hurdled him, tripped, and fell across the line;—a winner. A. S. J. '05.

A SHARK ADVENTURE

A UNITED STATES cruiser was lying at anchor in one of the tropical bays of Cuba. It was a sweltering day and the crew were glad when the hour for their usual bath had arrived. Among those who indulged in the sport was a small cabin boy, and being an expert swimmer, his adventurous spirit led him to strike out far beyond the others.

He had swam fully an eighth of a mile from the ship and was circling to return, when toward the shore he spied the fin of a large

fish approaching swiftly toward him. The discovery was shared with the watch on ship, for he heard the warning cry of "Sharks!" accompanied by a terrified struggle on the part of the bathers to reach safety before becoming a prey to the approaching man-eater.

As the situation dawned upon the cabin boy, he put all his exertions into the effort to escape the terrible fate which was overtaking him. But sharks can swim faster than even the most expert swimmer, and a few minutes sufficed to bring the great fish into close proximity with his tempting meal. His laughing eyes tauntingly oggled the poor boy, who was swimming with desperate strokes. As the pair approached within a rod of the ship the shark ceased playing the teasing cat and, turning on his back, prepared to seize his prey. The time had arrived for action, and quick action at that! Turning swiftly around to meet the onslaught head on, the boy made a quick dive and rising under the shark, tightly seized him by the fin. Thwarted in his attack, the monster suddenly turned over, fetching his fin and the boy clinging to it out of water. So great was the force of his movement, that the lad's fingers lost their slippery hold, and by centrifugal force, he was hurled through space upon the deck of the ship. He lighted on his feet, and, leaning over the gunwale, thoughtfully watched his baffled antagonist vanish in the depths.

D. P. '06.

NOTE:—Veracity of this fish story not vouched for by the Editors.

ATHLETICS

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION AND ITS RELATION TO THE FACULTY

"RUMOR" is a strange thing. Virgil describes it as a swift-flying creature, possessing a thousand ears, a thousand eyes, and a thousand tongues. It increases its size little by little as time goes by, until its proportions become enormous. Such a description would exactly suit the "Rumor" that was recently circulated concerning our athletic association.

A few weeks ago there appeared in the Boston "Transcript" an article stating that the management of the Brookline High School Athletic Association was to undergo a complete change. This act naturally caused many reports to be spread about. Rumors, ridiculous in their absurdity, flew about like wild-fire. Some said that our association was to be entirely abolished; others that it was to be governed by the faculty, and physical directors; still others that the teams representing Brookline High would be picked, not by captain and coach, as of old, but by Mr. Nissen. That such tales were absolutely false goes without saying. These reports, however, were actually believed by a great many of the fellows, and indignation reigned supreme.

In the course of events, these rumors reached the ears of members of the faculty, who were greatly surprised at the false interpretation which their actions received. In order to put matters straight, a meeting of the boys of the two upper classes was called and Mr. Nissen explained to us the exact relation between the athletic association and the faculty.

Our self-government in athletics is not to be taken from us. No such thought was ever entertained. Mr. Nissen is not to choose our base-ball and foot-ball teams. The faculty is not to interfere with our affairs in the least. Things are to proceed in the same old way with this exception: — Mr. Nissen is to be a member of the Athletic Association, — a member only, not a director — and is to offer his advice when it seems to be needed. He is to look after the physical condition of our athletes and if, by testing their hearts, he discovers that any form of violent exercise would prove injurious, he may forbid them to compete in any athletic contest. No one can dispute the good sense of this last provision, no one can claim that it is unfair to the association, or that it curtails in any way the liberties of our self-government.

This, then, is the great change which our athletic association was to undergo ! This is the so-called "imposition on school rights" which was so loudly noised about in our lower corridor and on our campus! This is the "aboliton of self-government in athletics" by the faculty! This is the cause of so much indignation and spreading rumor! The whole matter is so ridiculously trivial that we smile when we think of the excitement it has caused. R. K. T. '03.

ICE HOCKEY

On account of the unsettled weather that we have been having, the hockey team was unable to play many practice games before the first league game. When Captain Townsend first called out the team, a large number responded and things looked very favorable. Before ice came, the squad was kept busy in the gymnasium. The first game of the season was played with Stone's School, January thirteenth, on Hammond's pond, Chestnut Hill. The result of this game was a victory for our team 2-0.

On January fourteenth, the second game was played with Volkmann School, on Jamaica pond. This game turned out as well as the first, the score being 9-0 in our favor.

The third game, played Friday, January sixteenth, with Melrose High, resulted in a defeat for Brookline, with a score of 3-1. This game cannot very well be looked upon as a bad defeat, as the ice was so soft and broken up that our forwards were unable to shoot very well. This would have proved a great advantage for our team on smooth ice as the Melrose forwards did but little shooting.

The first league game was played against "Hoppy," on Jamaica pond, January twenty-first.

"Well begun is half done," the old adage tells us, and if this is true our hockey team has finished the first lap of the race for the championship ahead of her opponents. We may feel justly proud of the work that our fellows did in the first big game of the season. By a victory of 9-0 they encouraged us in the belief that the reputation of last year's team will be sustained this year. "Spider" Shine's brilliant playing was the feature of the game and out of the nine goals which were scored he made six; Townsend's aggressive work also cannot be praised too highly. The game was a very one-sided affair, from the start, for our men clearly outclassed their opponents, not only in good skating but in quickness and agility. The absence of rough playing and "slugging" was something which cannot be too highly commended. Both teams played a good, clean game and the victory was won fairly, and not by under-hand work.

Another fact which deserves mention is the way in which the Brookline High fellows, and the girls, too, turned out to encourage their team. A good crowd of our boys were gathered about the rink during the whole contest and although cheering was not indulged in

to any great extent, yet the very fact of their being there seemed to add encouragement to our boys. The Brookline players realized that they had friends present who were interested in them and had the welfare of the team at heart; and under this stimulus they fought on to victory.

Brookline High and Hopkinson lined up as follows:

BROOKLINE HIGH.	HOPKINSON.
Heintzmann, f.	f. Barnes
Townsend, l. c.	l. c. Brown
Shine, r. c.	r. c. Grimes
Brett, r. f.	r. f. Maloon
C. Bartlett, c. p.	c. p. Worthen
Erhard, p.	p. Hammond
G. Bartlett, g.	g. Leslie

Score — Brookline High 9, Hopkinson 0. Goals — Townsend 2, Shine 6, Brett 1. Time: 20-minute halves. Referee — R. J. Gifford. Goal referees — For Brookline High, J. Heilborn; Hopkinson, H. Warner. Timer — G. Brett.

MY RIFLE AND I

FAR away in the forest,
I and my gun all alone,
Have wandered from early morning
When the sun so brightly shone,
To when the red glare of sunset
Spread itself over the sky,
And we were alone together,
My trusty old rifle and I.
Then would I build a fire,
Get out some bacon and bread,
Cut off some neighb'ring fir boughs,
And shingle down a bed.
Soon the fire would smoulder,
And at last crackle and die,
But no one was there to watch it,
For in slumberland was I.

W. T. H. '03.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year from November to June inclusive, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, fifty cents a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 10 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager, Arthur K. Tylee, The High School, Brookline.

EDITORIALS

Most of us remember seeing Anthony Watson, when he visited our school, last year. We all thought him a fine fellow and enjoyed hearing him speak to us about his life at Hampton. Almost everyone felt sorry when we were told that the idea of helping him through Hampton Institute must be given up. Now, we have received the letter that is printed in this number of The Sagamore. Mr. Sanford had it read before the senior class, and the pupils felt, as everyone who reads his letter must feel, that to leave this Hampton student now, when we have helped him so far, would be very unfair, to say the least. So, the members of the senior class decided to get up a petition and send it to the School Committee, asking that the rule forbidding the collection of money for outside purposes may not be enforced till after Watson has graduated. When the petition has been granted, we shall expect the support of the whole school. Seventy dollars must and shall be raised.

Is not the Brookline High School of enough importance to be known to outsiders by some school emblem? The members of many other schools may be readily recognized by the school pin that they wear, and why should we not show clearly that we come from the B. H. S.? As it is now, every new class in the High School chooses for itself a pin of new design. This results in there being four different pins in the school at once, and every year brings another to take the place of the one added to the large number of alumnic pins. What outsider can recognize from this assortment of pins what school we attend? Think for yourself how it would be if you should see five or six boys wearing different pins and should wish to know where they were attending school. After satisfying your curiosity by a difficult scrutinizing of the obscure legends on the pins you might learn that all the boys are connected with the same school. How much better is one and the same pin for all, whether they belong to a society, an association, or a school! Does not a well-known pin, such as the Volkmann School pin, immediately give the wearer his standing?

Someone may say that it matters little whether or not we are recognized as a school, but surely, almost any one to whom our pins might convey any information, would be more interested to know what school we go to, than to know what class each one of us is in. "But what good in having any pins at all?" it is asked. Pins are needed to foster a patriotism and unity in the school rather than in the class. There is little need of class patriotism, for we seldom contest together for class superiority; but of school patriotism we can not have too much. A common pin for us all would serve to knit us together a little more closely, certainly in the eyes of our opponents when we meet them on the gridiron, the diamond, or the track.

There are many other advantages to be gained from having one school emblem for us all. It would dispense with the trouble which freshmen experience in selecting a design to please the majority and in having just the right number of pins made to order. Then too, the pin made for the whole would cost less or be of greater value, since made in large numbers from one die.

If many other scholars have this same feeling, they should "get together," and bring about an innovation which will prove most satisfactory and pleasing to all of us who, for the sake of showing our school patriotism, allow ourselves one small piece of jewelry.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

HOW well do I remember my first and only visit to the noble Westminster Abbey! The last beams of day were faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the Abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker and the images of the kings faded into shadows; the marble busts assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light. A sudden chill crept over me as I meditated upon the weird scene; and in my mind I was carried back many hundred years. I could almost believe that the evening breeze, which crept through the aisles, was the faint whisperings of the great men of the past. Even my own footfall, as I crossed the Poets' Corner, sounded strange and uncanny. As the

twilight faded into darkness and my companion and I groped our way toward the portal of the cloisters, we felt as though we were being ushered out by some of the immortal occupants of this hallowed place. When at last we reached the door and passed out, it closed behind us with a jarring noise, filling the whole building with echoes. We then retraced our afternoon's walk in the dusk of early nightfall. The clock of St. Paul's sounded in the distance; we turned again and took a lingering, farewell look at the majestic Abbey, and then hastened onward out of the past, into the living present.

A. O. P. '03.

DREAMS OF THE PAST

IN dreams I see the warriors of the hills
Sweep plund'ring down upon some lowland town:
I see the wintry seas where the wild Northwind shrills;
I hear the Viking's song as his stout ship goes down.

I see the scattered flight of Saxon lords,
And hear the Norman cry victorious sound.
I see a Christian few charge Paynim hordes
Battling in vain for consecrated ground.

I see the boast of Spanish Philip's power,
The Armada, flying from the English shore:
I see the British, in a later hour,
Go down before the Yankee cannon's roar.

Dreaming, I trace the course of history, and mourn
Because I live not in a greater age.
I wake; Life seems a thing forlorn,
Till the wind brings to me this counsel sage:

Mourn not the Past, and deeds forever done;
But grasp the Present, and with constant hand,
Shape out a Future radiant as the Sun:
Thy lot in life lies in thine own command.

R. S. R. '03.

EXCHANGE COLUMN

The following papers were gratefully received in exchange for The Sagamore: The Cricket, The Dedham High School Bulletin, The Distaff, The Glazebrook-Rumford Bulletin, The Michigan Mirror, The Oracle, The Penn Charter Magazine, The Pennsylvanian, The School Echo, The Southern Workman, The Sphinx, The Thinker, and others. To many of these we should apologize for too frequently using their hard gained jests, but they must remember the old motto, "Imitation is the sincerest flattery." Too often their jokes are of local interest only, losing all their flavor to outsiders.

The Penn Charter Magazine is perhaps the best that we have seen, although having but few locals and jokes. Still it is full of fine illustrations and interesting articles.

Pupil (rushing in excitedly)—"Oh! it's all over the school house."
Teacher (very much interested)—"What?"
Pupil—"The roof."—(Ex.

If an S and an I and an O and a U
With an X at the end, spell Su.
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if also an S and I and G
And H E D spell cide,
There is nothing much left for a speller to do,
But to go and commit siouxeyesighed.—(Ex.

A doctor asked a patient whether he had followed his prescription. "No," said the man, "or I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of the window."—(Ex.

Here is something which will surely be interesting to those who study collective nouns with Miss Frye, or Miss Hartwell: —

OUR WONDERFUL LANGUAGE

A little girl was looking at a picture of a number of ships when she exclaimed: "See what a flock of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships was called a fleet and a fleet of sheep is called a flock. And here we may add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude, that a flock of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of

thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of worshipers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a miscellaneous crowd of folks is called the public.—(Ex.

The Difference—She: How much better it is to have a chap alone than a chaperone; don't you think so?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"I laugh," a would-be wise man cried,
"At everyone who laughs at me."
"Good land!" a sneering friend replied,
How very merry you must be!"—(Ex.

In commending a new burial casket, an advertiser assured his readers that no person who tried one of them would ever use any other.—(Ex.

Prof. (in class)—"Can you tell from what Latin root the word restaurant is derived?"

Duck—"Res, a thing; taurus, bull. Restaurant, a bully thing."—(Ex.

The sweet field flowers have gone away,
And many are those who mourn today,
For they wish that spring would soon appear,
Bring roses and daisies, the violets so dear;
For when coldness comes, and gray clouds bleak,
And the snow glistens on some far-away peak,
The winds blow chill, and Jack Frost comes
To paint the windows and nip your thumbs.
Come quickly, dear summer, and posies gay.
But now farewell till the gladsome day.—(Ex.

Said the postage-stamp to the envelope,
"I'm stuck on you, By Gum,"
Said the envelope to the postage-stamp,
"Oh! Fudge, what a 2-cent pun."—(Ex.

ALUMNI NOTES

1902, William Quigley has been chosen captain of the Harvard Freshman Basket-ball Team.

1902, Lester Gilbert made the Harvard Freshman Mandolin Club.

1902, Stuart Webb made the Harvard Freshman Banjo Club.

1901, Winthrop Richmond, who pulled stroke on the Harvard Freshman Crew last year, is now captain of the Sophomore Crew.

1898, Austin Parker is studying at the Harvard Dental School. This is his last year there.

1898, Miss Hazel Lombard is engaged to Mr. Howard Singleton Nymen, Jr., Washington, D. C.

1900, We see by the Sunday Herald of January eleventh, that Leslie Rich represented the Brookline Swimming Club in the aquatic sports at New York.

1897, The engagement of Walter Parker to Miss Annie Beals of New York has recently been announced.

1901, Miss Florence Judd is in Egypt.

1902, Miss Florence Greene is studying at the Normal School of Gymnastics.

1897, Robert Wayland and Miss Helen Knight were married January fourteenth.

1898, On New Year's Day the engagement of Miss Grace M. Dickey of Worcester and J. Nelson Manning, was announced. We have all wondered why "Nelse'" always managed to drop off at Worcester on his business trips.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN FRANCE

AN Englishman to France once went
To try his luck a'hunting.
"It wasn't worth a cent," he said,
"Too much like Baby Bunting."
All day he tramped the woods, and saw
But a fox along the Loire;
"Wait 'till I cross the stream," he said,
But the fox said, "Au revoir."

J. W. '04.

NEWS NOTES

What has become of the Public Day entertainments? It seems about time for the senior class to start the ball a-rolling.

The ice hockey team is certainly unfortunate in having such poor weather. Owing to the absence of suitable ice, several games have been postponed.

Captain Thompson called out the candidates for the track team on Monday, January 12.

Since the short recess has been adopted, it seems rather queer to be told to see a teacher at 1.20 after we have been so used to "See me at 1.35."

Eliot Farley, formerly of '03, is captain of the Volkmann Hockey Team, this year.

Down with Yale and the ten-minute recess.

The prophecy that new mats for the boy's gymnasium were to be bought has come true. The mats are here at last and will give our gymnasts an opportunity to practice hand-springs, somersaults, and all kinds of tumbling.

We are hearing of strikes all over the country nowadays. The coal miners are striking; the shop girls are striking; so are factory and street car employees. This propensity to strike seems decidedly infectious. Will the "no school" bell strike? Let us hope so.

On November eighth, from fifteen to twenty boys appeared in the gymnasium to try for the Basket-ball Team. Floyd appointed Carl Lincoln captain for this season. All that is needed now is the hearty support of the school at the games.

All the girls of the school may now enjoy the advantage of going out by the front door. Perhaps this is a reward for their having respected the senior's privilege heretofore.

The accident which happened to St. Clair Wodell of the Pierce School excites the sympathy of us all. While coasting, he injured his leg and was obliged to have it amputated.

The III Gymnasium classes, A vs. B, played their first basket-ball game, Friday, January fifteenth. It was a very close contest. Both teams were tied in score and there were only ten seconds to play,

when S. Lincoln put the ball past a guard for five points, winning the game for the B's.

Mr. William H. Lewis, last year's coach of the foot-ball team, has just been appointed Assistant United States District Attorney.

Enrich Fitzimmons, a representative of the Argentine Republic, gave the three upper classes a very interesting lecture with lantern slides, on the Argentine Republic. If the children of Buenos Ayres have such fine school buildings to go to, there seems little need for inspecting the school system of our country.

PRECEPTS FOR THE GRANDILOQUENT

IN promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating any superficial sentimentalities, and amicable, philosophical, or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, compact comprehensibleness and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, or asinine affectation. Let your extemporaneous descantings or unpremeditated expatiation possess intelligibiity and careful vivacity, without rodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vanity, vaniloquent vapidity. Shun likewise *double entrendes*, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscure or apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely, and truthfully. Keep from slang; don't put on airs; say what you mean and mean what you say—and don't use big words!—(Ex.

LOCALS

Why should the boys' gymnasium be a haven for men who desire the companionship of silent women?

Answer:—Because there are so many dumb belles there.

(This conundrum is from a brilliant member of the Fourth Class.)

Hold on to your collars (Coller's), Sophomores! Miss Johnson is advising the Juniors to borrow them.

The boys in manual training are forwarned not to forge ahead too fast.

One of the members of I French had translated one verse of a poem. "Take another," said the teacher. "Thank you," a brilliant pupil whispered.

Heard in I Mathematics:—
Teacher—"Where is Greenwich?"
B—"In England."
Teacher—"What part, please?"
B—"Well, Ireland."

Difficulties in III German: —
Translations like the following are heard: "The meadows covered with trees," "An idea shot through her head," and "He stretched the child a plate."

A scene in II Physics: —
Mr. Packard, holding up a brass rod: "Is this a conductor?"
Voice from rear, "No, it's a motorman."

Mr. C—"Can you name the signs of the Zodiac?"
S—"Venus, Sappho,"—not finished.
A senior asked a short time ago if the horizontal bar was on the level.

Heard in French: "Rosa baissa la tête,—Rosa dropped her head."

In the gymasium: —
Mr. S—"All the boys that Perry calls will please fall on his left side."

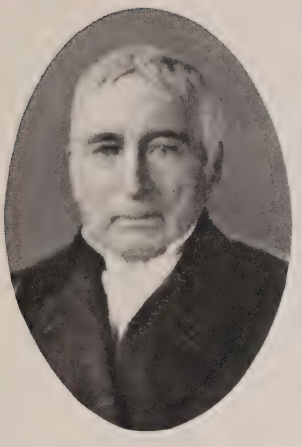
From Junior paper: "Her generous nature instantly bids Portia assume Bassanio's debt, and her delicacy prompts her to wed him first, that it may not seem out of the way for her to do so." Senior criticism: "Perhaps other motives prompted her to speedy marriage."

The trustful youth who thinks "All women womanly," has evidently been fortunate in his associations.

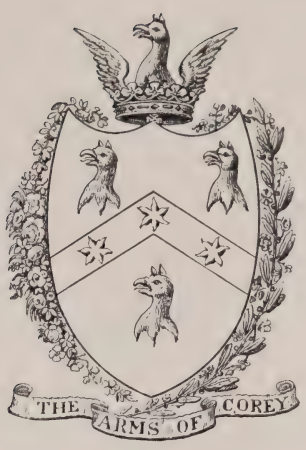
II French B: —
"Cornelius threw half his body out of the window."

You will find the latest Styles in Room 8. All ladies should see the handsome Cape (recently imported) on exhibition every morning. A great baragin. To be had for the asking.

According to Miss Marshall, Tiberius Gracchus did not use Force with the same happy results as did Jim Dumps.



DEA. ELIJAH COREY.*



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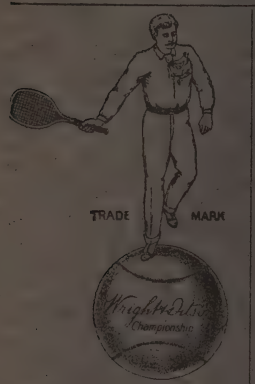

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MARCH
1903

THE SAGAMORE

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THIS YEAR'S FOOT BALL TEAM.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 9 MARCH, 1903 NUMBER 5

THE RED-HEADED GHOST AT BAILEY'S

"WELL, Frank," began Allan, "if you will have the story, here goes. About a month after you went west, we three fellows, as you know, went up the St. Croix to try the fishing. We sailed the 'Sally' up as far as Shoodic, but had to leave her there and drive ten miles further up to a little place called Bailey's. We arrived at Bailey's about dusk — too late for any fishing that day. Bob, who had eaten too many Eastport sardines, decided to go to bed at once, in order to get up early next morning. That's why he doesn't figure in the story. Bill and I started off down the road to get some casts from an old guide who knew just what flies to use in every brook or lake for thirty miles around. At the guide's house we met the only other stranger in the place — a young medical student named Bronson. Bronson and a couple of young farmers were excitedly discussing a ghost, which the young farmers professed to have seen two nights in succession at an old house down on the river bank. Of course Bill and I thought it was all bosh, and said so; but the farmers stuck to their story, and were so evidently sincere that we couldn't help being impressed by it. The old house, they said, had been occupied about two years before by a man named Anson. This man passed for a wealthy banker who had retired from business and sought the seclusion of the woods and the pleasures of hunting and fishing, after a busy life in the city. He had furnished the house sumptuously, and entertained many visitors. One night the house was raided by revenue officers, and after a sharp fight in which one of the revenue officers was fatally shot, Anson and two of his friends were taken into custody. The townspeople then learned that Anson had been at

the head of a well-organized band of smugglers. The ghost, the farmers thought, was the spirit of the murdered revenue officer, come back to haunt the place. Of this fact they were firmly convinced, for the ghost, they asserted, had fiery red hair, and the dead man's hair had been of that color. Now nobody ever heard of a red-headed ghost. Bill facetiously remarked that too much hard cider sometimes created worse things than red-haired ghosts. That made the farmers mad, and one of them said sneeringly, 'If you fellers are so mighty smart, why don't ye go and see it yerselves?' 'That's just what we are going to do,' said Bill, 'and if there is any red-headed ghost hanging around there tonight, we'll lay him for good.'

"It was then about eleven o'clock. We asked Bronson if he would go along with us. He didn't seem very eager about it, but said he would go home first and get his overcoat. As he went out I whispered to Bill: 'The big baby! He looks scared to death. Bet a doughnut he does n't come back.' While we were waiting, old Hank, the guide. told us more about the house. Everything was favorable for a ghost. The house had been empty ever since the raid. The greater part of the furniture lay untouched, tied up by counter law-suits so that it could not be removed. We found that old Hank was a firm believer in ghosts, and he told us several wild tales of the ghosts of the lumber-woods. Three quarters of an hour slipped by, and no Bronson appeared. Disgusted with his cowardice, we decided to go without him. Taking a lantern, we set out. Hank and the young farmers accompanied us most of the way, but refused to go within fifty feet of the house.

"As we approached the house there was no sound to be heard except the rustling of the wind in the trees. The round moon shone palely down through the white mist that rose from the river. We went up the steps and tried the door. It swung slowly open, creaking on its rusty hinges. I lighted the lantern and we entered the hallway. The lantern flickered a moment and went out. I struck another match and lighted it again. We went through a door to the right, and the lantern went out again. I felt for another

match, and found, to my dismay, I had n't one. 'Bill, have you got a match?' I asked. I heard him searching his pockets. 'Not one, Al,' he replied. 'Was there ever such a blooming idiot! But cheer up, old man, maybe ghosts don't walk by lantern-light.' I set down the useless lantern, and we waited in the darkness. We talked back and forth rapidly, but for some unaccountable reason our voices had sunk to whispers. I could feel Bill beside me, and could hear him breathe. By and by I could just make out his form by the misty light of the moon as it came through a single window. An owl down the river gave a long *too-whit-too-whoo*, which was answered by another near at hand. Almost immediately we heard a low moaning sound. 'The wind, Bill,' I whispered. Now came another longer moan. 'The ghost,' muttered Bill. Another moan, and we heard the creaking of the stairs. A cloud crossed the face of the moon, and left the room in blackness. The creaking continued. The moans seemed to come nearer and nearer. I strained my eyes in the direction of the sound, and discerned a tall, thin figure, wrapped in a winding sheet, approaching slowly. It seemed to be a hundred feet away. I knew the room was not more than twenty feet long. As it came on its face showed ghastly white, except where a livid gash ran diagonally across one cheek. Its eyes bulged from their sockets, and gleamed with an unearthly light. Its unkempt hair smouldered and smoked with a fiery glow. The gleam of its eyes and hair supplied the only light to the room. Steadily the thing came on with a slow, measured step, wagging its fiendish head from side to side, and grinning hideously. A cold chill ran over me. I heard Bill's short, sharp breathing. Suddenly he cried: 'Come on, Al.' I saw him take two leaps forward — and disappear. 'Bill!' I shouted. No answer! Still the grinning thing came on, never pausing. On and on it crept toward me. My feet seemed glued to the spot. Still on it came, slowly, surely. It was almost upon me. Leering at me horribly, it stretched out a long hand to clutch me. I sank to the floor. My shaking hand struck the lantern. With a frenzied shriek I staggered to my feet and hurled it full at the ghost. I heard a crash of glass — and fell senseless to the floor.

"When I came to my senses Bill was chafing my hands, and the room was brightly lighted. I sat up, and the first thing I saw was a shattered full-length mirror, and before it a gaping hole in the floor. I got up and walked into the next room, where I heard Hank's angry voice.

"There on the flour lay the remains of the ghost. His body was a framework of wood, covered by a common sheet. The head was a human skull artfully covered with moulded clay, so that it resembled a plaster cast. A piece of cow-hide with the red bristles smeared with phosphorus was stuck on for hair. More pieces of mirrors lay upon the floor to puzzle the farmers, but not Bill and me. The whole thing was now clear. We had laid the ghost; likewise Bronson, for Bronson was the spirit that animated the ghost. He had contrived, by means of several mirrors, to project the apparition upon the tall parlor-mirror, or upon the window-pane. The figure of the ghost was manipulated by a long pole, to which it was attached by wires. Separate wires connected with and controlled the head and arms. The light from the ghost's hair and eyes was enough to make it visible. Seeing it advance in the parlor mirror, no one would ever suspect that the real ghost was being moved towards the mirrors in the next room.

"To prevent us from getting near enough to the mirror to discover the trick, Bronson had taken up part of the flooring leaving a hole about six feet square. In the cellar below he had piled several old feather mattresses, that we might not be hurt by a fall of about seven feet. Down this hole Bill had disappeared. His breath had been knocked out by the fall and the fright, and he had been unable to answer my call. The three men outside, however, had heard it, and had run to the house. Seeing no ghost, they had ventured in ; but on seeing my apparently lifeless body on the floor, they had been too terrified to do anything, until Bill had called reassuringly to them from the cellar. They had got him up with little difficulty, and had then gone to work to restore me to consciousness. Meanwhile one of the farmers went in search of Bronson, thinking that a medical student would know what to do

better than they. No trace of him could be found, and not until two days later did we learn anything of him. Then we heard that he had been seen at Shoodic the morning after the laying of the ghost. From Shoodic we traced him to Calais, where he took the boat for Portland. That was the last we, or the people at Bailey's, ever heard of him. He left an expensive fishing outfit and a few old clothes behind him, but if he is n't anxious to take the leading rôle in a little tar-and-feathering party, he won't go back after them ; for as old Hank Rawson observed : 'Ef that feller ever shows his nose raound here agin, he'll leave more 'n a fishin' kit behind him, naow, I tell ye. Any feller thet sits aout to skeer the folks hereabouts aout er their skins, 'll come pooty nigh hevin' some uv his aown hide tak'n off 'n him, by gravy.' And what Hank says goes."

ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHRONIO, '03.

THE VETERAN

IT was Christmas Eve ; and the streets of Boston were thronged with people hurrying to and fro, loaded with packages and bundles. The lights in the shop windows shone brightly. Everybody seemed happy. Yes : everybody except perhaps a poor old man who stood leaning up against a post near the Subway entrance, wondering what all the disturbance meant. It was getting late, for the old clock on the church steeple had already struck five. As I stood there waiting for a friend I wondered what the old man was thinking about. Time had evidently made an impression upon him. His flowing white hair and his seamed and wrinkled face were surely signs of his age. His clothes were sadly worn and shabby. His shoes likewise looked as if they had seen better days. But fastened tightly to the lapel of his old coat was a G. A. R. button. Paper boys ran here and there calling out their 7.35 editions and extras. Still the old soldier leaned against the post.

Soon a well-dressed man walked quickly across the Common toward the Subway. He wore a neatly pressed suit and had a shine

on his shoes. Time had dealt lightly with him, although he too wore a G. A. R. button. As he came nearer he all at once caught sight of the aged veteran, noticed his feeble condition and his worn clothes. As quick as a wink he put his hand into his pocket and brought out a shining coin and slipped it into the hand of his old comrade, saying as he did so, "Merry Christmas, Brother," and in another minute was hurrying down the Subway steps in order to catch a car. The old man stared after him in blank amazement. "Merry Christmas," he said to himself and looked at the coin. His face was lightened with a smile, for he once more realized what Christmas meant. Finally, as it was growing dark and had begun to snow, the old comrade started to wend his weary way homeward, with slow steps but with a light heart. R. C. F., 1905.

BLOODY MONDAY NIGHT.

AT Harvard probably less than at any other university or college in the country are class distinctions made. With the exception of a few instances the Freshman, so long as he behaves himself, is treated the same as an upperclassman. As a result of these conditions class spirit is not very strong and only occasionally is it manifested.

There is one night, however, in a Freshman's life never to be forgotten. Then, if never after, does he have a chance to do battle for his class. It is called Bloody Monday Night. Not that there is anything particularly bloody about it, though a bone is sometimes broken, a face considerably bruised, and blood in small quantities spilt.

This memorable event referred to occurs on the second or third Monday night after college opens. At that time the Freshmen are called together in Sanders Theater where they are welcomed to the University by the President, the Dean, and others. There they see themselves for the first time as a class and for the first time give their class cheer. In that initial outburst of enthusiasm their

school day rivalries fade away, they experience with a feeling of pride and delight the first kindling of the Harvard spirit, and realize that they are no longer school boys, but college men.

As they pour out of Sanders, glorying in the beginnings of their new life, they hear in the distant corner of the yard in the region of Matthews and Grays the Sophomores whom we will call of the class of 1905, shouting, "'05 this way! '05 this way!"

It is the signal for which they are waiting. Yelling, "'06! '06! '06!" they hurry to form in a solid phalanx and march down in front of Hollis and Stoughton to meet the on coming ranks of Sophomores. By this time, the air is ringing with the uproar. Juniors and Seniors rapidly gather to witness the struggle; windows in the dormitories are thrown open to afford a better view to the men within, and to add to the hub-bub the so called Cambridge "mucker" is dodging in and out among the lines watching his opportunity to snatch a hat from some unsuspecting Freshman. Steadily the throngs approach each other, first at a rapid walk, then at double quick, which suddenly brings them together in the shock of battle. The men in the front ranks are lifted completely off their feet, forced on by the crowds behind them. There is no stopping for breath; but with every ounce of strength that can be mustered each class is struggling to push the other back, or to force an opening through its center. At last one or the other has to give ground. The struggle continues until both classes have changed front and are ready to meet again with positions reversed. A second, a third, a fourth, and even a fifth rush follows, until by mutual consent they stop, both sides claiming the victory.

For the Freshman the worst is yet to come. No sooner has he reached his room than he hears the tramp of approaching feet upon the stairway and is startled still more by a thunderous knock at his door. Seeing no means of escape, he opens the door to admit a half-dozen or more Sophomores proudly smoking their pipes — a privilege denied to Freshmen in public.

In commanding tones he is ordered to mount a chair, or the desk, or the mantelpiece, and with a lamp shade on his head, and a poker

in his hand, to sing, tell a story, and dance a jig. Woe be to the Freshman with tongue untrained, and soul unskilled in harmonious sound! No mercy is shown him, but amid laughter and cutting remarks he has to continue till told to stop. When his tormentors have had enough of his song or story he is forced to sit in a wash bowl placed upon the floor and with a match for an oar imagine himself rowing on the university crew. A stool is then placed before him, and with all the endearing phrases he can recall he must make love to this unromantic bit of furniture. These are but a few of the senseless performances by which, with an unruffled temper, he is compelled to entertain his exacting audience.

If he happens to be well known before entering college, a notice is served upon him previous to Bloody Monday instructing him to prepare a punch in his room after the rushes. So the sport continues late into the night, until the Sophomores leave the Freshman nursing his pride and longing for the next Bloody Monday, when it will be his turn to glory over the unfortunate men of the class of 1907.

Charles F. Rowley, B. H. S. '01.

A LETTER FROM THE BAHAMAS.

THE afternoon after we arrived here at Nassau, we drove through Granstown, an African village. It is actually the dirtiest place I ever saw in all my life (and that is saying a good deal). There was a dirty little pickaninnie to every square inch of ground, and as we drove along, they kept calling out in a never-ending chorus, "Do, Boss, let a penny come! Do, Boss, let a penny come!"

The next morning we took a launch from here to an island where you pay a shilling and, in return, receive a bathing-suit and all the fruit you possibly can eat. They say the greatest number of oranges and grape-fruit ever eaten there by a woman is twenty-two. I had had some hopes of breaking the record, but when I heard what the record was, I modestly let the lady keep her place at the head.

Yesterday morning we visited the "Sea Gardens." We went out to them in a launch kept for the purpose, which has a clear glass bottom through which you can look down into the water. I never even imagined such a garden, and in such surroundings. The sunshine is brighter than anywhere else in the world, I think; the water sparkles in the golden light, shading from torquoise blue to a clear pale green; and in its sunlit depths, looking down through the glass, you see fantastic growths of most beautiful coral, living sponges, sea-fans, and innumerable plants of every form and color, many of them lovely and delicately tinted, all of them strange and interesting. Among these trees and flowers of the under-sea garden, countless fishes of almost every color of the rainbow — yellow, blue, green, white, orange — were disporting, chasing each other about the coral trees, hiding beneath the sea-flowers, or darting with arrow-like swiftness through the translucent water.

We stayed at the Gardens nearly two hours and found when we returned to the hotel that it was high time for lunch.

Fanny T. Guth, *Class of* 1905.

Nassau, the Bahamas.

THREE TENDERFEET IN CAMP.

THE tenderfeet decided to spend a week camping on a certain small beach located on Cape Cod. There was "Doc," a good-natured gentleman of some learning; James, a wild, impetuous fellow, with a dog no less steady; and the third member of the party was called "Seraph," for no other reason than that he was not in the least like an angel.

The day set for the departure proved, of course, a rainy one; but, nothing daunted, the mighty sportsmen set out. "Doc" and Jim led the fleet in a light dory filled with baggage, among which a camp stove and brace of large milk cans were conspicuous. In the rear the "Seraph" manipulated one of those dangerous Indian craft called a dug-out, likewise piled high with tent and "grub,"

from the tops of which the dog gazed with a troubled look. The first craft arrived at the appointed place all right, but the second got stuck on a mud flat about a mile behind. After some digging and pulling, which made "Seraph" realize the full meaning of dug-out, the journey was continued without further trouble.

The rain had ceased, the sun had come out and set, before the tired Nimrods had at last pitched their tents on the white sand. After partaking of a half-cooked supper, our tenderfeet turned in for the night.

That first night in camp was anything but a dream. Jim proceeded to imitate the sea during his slumbers, but decided to quit, after having a fry-pan and coffee-pot shied at him. All was quiet, and everything seemed favorable for a good night's rest, when the dog decided to exercise his voice. This act called forth a few benedictions upon all dogs in general, and upon one dog in particular.

The next morning broke bright and pleasant, and so broke the "Seraph," as the dog made an exit from the tent with a slab of bacon in his mouth. When the pursuer of the runaway bacon returned, "Doc" was sitting on a pail peeling potatoes, while Jim was flinging to the four winds burnt hoe-cakes, which the dog swallowed and then looked pained. The "Seraph" soon helped in the cooking, and then a breakfast which answered the purpose was disposed of. After the morning repast the camp was slicked up and made more comfortable. The campers were now ready to pursue their respective pastimes. The "Seraph" went shooting, "Doc" read a book, and Jim disported himself in the cool waters of the bay. Thus passed two days of camp life, with no deeds of danger or heroism, save the mastication of three daily meals. At the end of the third day, Jim returned from town with the announcement that he could not stay any longer on account of a bad cold.

"Great fun camping," says "Doc."

"Grub too rich for your blood?" asked the "Seraph," seating himself in some raspberry jam carelessly left by "Doc" on the kitchen table.

"Oh, I'd like to stay all right," said Jim, "but I really don't think it would be best for my cold."

So the honorable James departed, bag, baggage, and dog, for civilization and the evening dance.

"Well," quoth the "Seraph," as he lighted a fire and put the stew kettle on, "I have n't any cold, and I 'll bet I can get outside of some peep stew before it 's time to turn in."

"Likewise here," said the Doctor, and began to slice onions, while his friend got the birds ready. After supper the two boys lay on the soft cool sand and listened to the waves pounding the beach, and watched the moon cast its glimmering beams upon the restless sea. "How quiet and soothing," drawled "Doc," watching the stars in the far depths beyond. "Sure," approvingly grunted the "Seraph," stretched on the sands, with his chin on his clasped hands and his eyes far out to sea.

So passed one evening of many similar ones, and there were pleasant days which taught the young campers many a useful lesson which will never be forgotten. It 's true that more pleasure might have been found in the woods, but then the silent forest was not to be had just then, and the beach offered some fun and health ; so the white tents were pitched there, giving the young campers their first taste of camp life, the memory of which will never depart, though better, longer, and more enjoyable trips are taken beside the quiet waters and beneath the shady trees of a surrounding forest. '04.

A SENTIMENTAL HASH

ONCE upon a time, a fair French maiden and a handsome Hollander who was desperately in love with her, strolled through the Woods. The maiden was sweet in White muslin with a Rich heavy Cape doubled over her arm. The couple strolled over the Hill and out upon the Downs, past many a shadowy Pool, climbing over troublesome Stiles, scratched now and then by a thorny Bush, stepping over noisy babbling Brooks, often taking Long leaps from Stone to Stone. After slow tiresome Miles, they came in sight of a slimy Weir, and saw they were upon a Hedlund stretching out to sea toward the North.

They seated themselves on a Case under a spreading Lyndon tree.

The Hollander could have sat for blissful Jolly Weeks thus, but he felt that he ought to say something. "I—I guess it's going to Snow," he stammered senselessly.

"It's hot enough to Frye," retorted the maiden scornfully.

He tried again. "Do you know the Paige of the Converse theorem we have for tomorrow?"

"You are too Slack in your memory," replied the maiden, with heart like Flint, and between her teeth she muttered "Craven!"

The Hollander heaved a Long Hirt sigh.

The maiden relented a little, "What is the matter?" she asked gently, "Is'nt your Hart-well?"

"Ah! no!" wailed the youth, I am no longer a Free-man! I am a Marter to Love!"

The maiden turned White, and visions of a black-robed Bishop, a little Stone Church, showers of Rice, and a cozy little New-house down at Town's-end flashed through her mind.

The Hollander rapturously captured her wee White Hann' in his clumsy Brown ones, and for him the sun began to Shine once more. He thought he would Waite a moment before putting the question on which his happiness depended. Alas, for his hesitation!

At that moment a Blair of tin horns was heard, and up ran a pompous conceited Marshall dragging by one apron-string a fat Cook who was clutching in her apron a Bartlett pear, a Phinney Fish, and a lump of valuable Cole. With the other hand the Marshall was gripping a little yelping Kerr by the scruff of its neck. About the Marshall crowded a Taylor adorned with a small black Beard; a Baker; a Mason of many Crafts; a Potter; two literary (and consequently conceited) Lyons; a Carpenter carrying a Dresser and a flimsy Brackett; a Miller with a Leary smile, who was a very slow Walker; and a gay Wheeler, the owner of the poor Kerr.

This motley assembly halted directly before the dismayed pair, whom they took no notice of in their excitement.

"Now what's all this row about?" cried the Marshall.

"That Kerr has Bitten-Bender!" "Well, a little snapping Cochrane has nipped his heels!" "Cook has stolen my Chick to make

broth of!" "I never! I never! You lemme go!" "Down'er!" "Carv'er!" "Make'er give up the Chick!" "Well, hurry up and let my Kerr go, can't you? It's not his fault. Cook's cat Spitz at him, and then he gets riled!"

In the midst of all this hubbub, the Miller kept groaning, "Ach, mein Kopf! mein Kopf! Vill I nefer get home any more? Here I had some nice Schmeltz for my sweetheart, but I don't know as she eat them, for they look a liddle tough. Ach! vill I nefer get home any more?"

At this moment there arrived on the scene a New-man carrying a Winchester and wearing a jaunty shooting-jacket.

"The rabble! he muttered between his teeth, "I'd like to Kickam! Here, you fellows!" he roared in a stern voice, "Clear out of here double quick time, or I Will-cock my rifle and shoot you all dead! Don't you see you're disturbing a romance? I'm a Campbell straight through, and, by Saint Stranahan, I'll not see a lady disturbed! GET!"

The mob hastily dispersed. The gallant Campbell tactfully retired, and we must be as considerate and leave the once more blissful couple to the sweet companionship of Love.

A LANDSLIDE.

IT had rained hard the day before and during the night, but on getting up in the morning, we found the weather fine and clear. Everything looked new after the washing of the storm, and even the country streets were hard and free from dust. We knew that this would be a good morning to drive through Crawford's Notch.

As we drove along, we came to the ruins of a house which we could see had burned down. We asked the driver about it, and without much urging he told the following story.

A number of years ago, about thirty I think, this place was owned and occupied by a family named Willey. There were six boys with their parents and also a traveler with them; he had broken his ankle tramping on Mount Willard, and as he would not be able to

walk for a good while, his friends were coming the next day to take him away. It was in the morning; it had poured all night, and was raining even harder then. The family had already been up a good while, but the stranger was not yet awake. One of the boys was suddenly attracted by a terrific roaring, which seemed to come from the mountain; he had never heard a sound like it before and was very much frightened. The boy called his father; Mr. Willey had heard a landslide and knew at once what was making such a frightful noise. The clouds were so thick in the valley, that he could only see a few rods up the mountain. When he saw the advance guard of the slide, which consisted of a few rocks and bits of earth, he was horrified to see that it was coming straight for his house. With all his might, he shouted the warning to the rest of the family to run for their lives; he forgot all about his guest. The slide had descended so rapidly that they were but a few yards from the house when they heard it crash against the huge boulder at the back of the building; and then the whole family disappeared. The landslide had separated, in striking the boulder, into two parts, and killed them all as they ran from either side away from their home. The house was not harmed, and the stranger was saved by his broken ankle, because he was unable to run.

When the guest, who had then awakened, understood the cries of Mr. Willard and saw his panic-stricken family rush out, he expected every minute to have the house swept away, and him with it. But when the uproar changed into silence, and he had somewhat recovered from his fright, he hobbled to the door and saw the great pile of dirt and rocks, and then he realized that the family had been killed and that he had been saved. A few hours later his friends arrived and took him to the hotel at the head of Crawford's Notch.

All that can be seen now of the end of the slide is a great mound overgrown with grass, but we look up Mount Willard and see a very pretty cascade, left to remind us of the accident. It is well the water is there, because the foundations of the burned house are fast crumbling away, and such a tragedy should have something to mark its site. '05.

ATHLETICS

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

ON Thursday, the twenty-ninth of January, the B. H. S. girls defeated the Cambridge Latin School girls in our gymnasium, the score being 19 to 9. Brookline played an excellent game; Misses Jolly, Tuckerman, and Beard played well for Brookline; while Misses Raymond, Bennett, and Piper excelled for Cambridge. The line-up was as follows: —

Brookline.	Cambridge Latin.
Misses	Misses
Chick, c.	c., Bennett
Beard, c. g.	c. g., Ray
Burpee, c. g.	c. g., Gilmore
Tuckerman, g.	g., Piper
Morse, g.	g., Raymond
G. Jolly, d.	d., Hurling
H. Jolly, d.	d., Dougherty

Time, — Two fifteen-minute halves.
Referee, — Miss C. Beard.

The schedule for the February and March games to be played by the girls' basket ball team is as follows: —

February 7,	Melrose	B. H. S. Gymnasium
" 14,	Dedham	B. H. S. "
" 21,	Thayer	Thayer "
March 7,	Milton	Undecided
" 14,	Medford	B. H. S. Gymnasium
" 21,	Salem	Salem "

Let all the girls of the B. H. S. give their hearty support to the basket ball team.

BOYS' BASKET BALL.

The basket ball season for the boys has just come to a close, and taken altogether it has been rather unsuccessful. Owing to lack of funds in the treasury of the Athletic Association, the team was not able to use its own "gym" and regulation "baskets" until the season was nearly over. In the first game, played with Dorchester, Brookline was badly beaten. Then followed a game with Mechanics

Arts High, which Brookline won, and games with Malden, Hyde Park, Boston Latin, English High, Cambridge Latin, and Medford High. Though the team has met with failure, the failure cannot be laid entirely to the team. All the men were new, and as the captaincy of the team changed hands three times, this no doubt has had something to do with its failure. Success to next year's team!

A RURAL COMEDY

THINGS is never goin' right,
(Life is so contrary.)
Thought I'd go that winter night
An' speak the word to Mary.

Never seen her look so sweet.
(Jest like any fairy!)
Kitten purrin' at her feet,—
Me, six yards from Mary!

Told her that 't wuz like to snow —
All the weather showed it;
Looked as if we'd have a blow,
Simply said: "She knowed it!"

Talked o' this, an' talked o' that
Till my tongue got weary;
Made remarks about the cat,
But still kep' fur from Mary!

Old clock ticked an' ticked away.
(Wished her heart 't would soften!)
Couldn't find the word to say,
Though I tried it often.

Time to go, an' leave them charms—
Since I couldn't win 'em!
Yawned, an' sorter stretched my arms,
An'—praise God!—she wuz in 'em!

Don't these women know a sight?
Ain't they all contrary?
Didn't say the word that night,
An' yet, I'll marry Mary!—(Ex.

THE SAGAMORE

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EDITORIALS

ALL agree that "Me An' Otis" was a great success. The members of the dramatic club gave a great deal of time to the preparation of the play, and we appreciate their kindness in giving it for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Rosilla and Otis were capital and took their parts to perfection. Few of us recognized Mr. Brooks in the character of Mr. Reginald Thomas, and it was a great surprise all around when it was found out that Frank Friend was only an assumed name. Every part was taken well, and those who acted have good reason to feel pleased with their success. After the play there was dancing till twelve o'clock.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Brooks for the amount of work that he has put into the play. Let us all give three cheers for Mr. Brooks and the B. H. S. Dramatic Club!

If there is any one who has not enjoyed a cold some time during the past two months, he may consider himself entirely out of style. Teachers as well as pupils have suffered from this terrible influenza. Many were obliged to leave school for a few days, while those present kept up a continual sneezing and coughing. Perhaps the change of weather was the cause, or maybe cold houses were at fault.

At any rate, it is certain that almost every one had a chance to realize how disagreeable a grippy cold can be.

We have been hearing a great deal about our graduates of late. The class of '99 seems especially prominent. Carl Marshall and Carl Soule have both been chosen captains of college football teams; Margaret Adams and Emilie Dunning have received high honors at Vassar, and Miss Dunning has been chosen one of the speakers at Vassar Commencement. Perhaps in some future day we plodding B. H. S. pupils will become prominent.

Going back a few years, we find Neils Christensen, '05, editor and proprietor of the Beaufort Gazette. In these days, when an editor of South Carolina is liable to be shot for expressing an honest opinion in his paper, this position is rather a dangerous one. When Christensen wrote to one of the B. H. S. teachers, asking advice about his paper, she told him that she should recommend his purchasing a pistol and shooting at a mark until he became a dead shot. Let us hope there will be no need for him to follow these instructions!

EXCHANGE COLUMN

We did not receive many exchanges this month, but were glad to see a few new ones, — the Ariel; the Westminster Review; the Hackley, published at the school which Foster and Starr formerly of the B. H. S. now attend; the Latin School Register, and the Roxbury Enterprise.

The Pingry Record says the Sagamore is one of its best exchanges. Certainly the Pingry Record is one of our best exchanges. The Westminster Review has a very interesting article on slang, "the most expressive language in the world." All terms, from "kick-the-bucket" to "tickle-the-tusks" are set forth clearly for the elucidation of mothers, sisters, and aunts.

She "Are you going to the football to-night?"
He: "To the what?"
She: "O to the dance, you stupid!" — Ex.

One swallow does n't make a summer; but one grasshopper makes a great many springs.

I like the good old German way
Of drinking half-brau from a stein,
For when they ask, "How many more?"
You modestly reply, "O, nein!" — Ex.

A baby is like a crop of wheat. It is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family. — Ex.

Teacher in Greek: "Why did the soldiers throw stones at the commander?"

"Because they could n't find any eggs." — Ex.

To shave your face and brush your hair,
And then your new best suit to wear,
That 's preparation.
And then upon the car to ride,
A mile or two to walk beside,
That 's transportation.
And then before the door to smile,
And think you 'll stay a good long while,
That 's expectation.
And then to find her not at home,
And homeward you will have to come,
That 's thunderation. — Ex.

The difference between a sewing machine and a kiss — One sews seams nice, the other seems so nice. — Ex.

You can bring a horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink;
You can send a boy to college,
But you cannot make him think.

— The Cricket.

NEWS NOTES

A picture of last year's girls' basket ball team appeared in the Sunday Herald several weeks ago.

The members of the class of '06 have obtained their class pins, which are certainly very artistic and testify to the good taste of those who selected them.

Mr. Packard, on asking a certain pupil to lend him a text book, accidentally discovered that the book was his own.

The candidates for the baseball team assembled in Room 15 on February 2d, and Mr. Sanford gave them a little talk.

Some of the members of the Senior Class have their Murray Kay Prize Essays well under way.

Are we to have a gymnasium built next to our Manual Training building? From present indications one might think so.

At the seventh annual exhibition of water sports at the Bath House, February 2d, Brookline High was well represented. LeMoyne, '02, was conspicuous among the swimmers.

The petition in regard to collecting money for Anthony Watson has been granted. Now we must raise the sum needed.

A class in penmanship has been formed from members in the second class. They meet every Tuesday and Wednesday in Room 11 and make circles in ink. Various pen gymnastics are performed with the greatest pleasure. It has already proven itself beneficial and occupies the spare time of the pupils as well as the empty seats in Room 11.

How many girls in Room 8 dote on cookies of a particular kind? Don't all speak at once.

Out of the seven highest honors awarded at Vassar, two were given to B. H. S. girls, Margaret Adams and Emilie Dnnning, both of '99.

On Tuesday, February 17th, the splendid new Manual Training building was formally opened. Classes were at work in the different departments. Several addresses were made and music was furnished by a semi-chorus from the B. H. S. In spite of the stormy weather, the exhibition was well attended.

Harold Tomlin is at the hospital, sick with diphtheria.

Fanny Fuodora Guth, class of 1905, is spending this month at Nassau, the Bahamas.

The members of I Political Science Class have been having very interesting debates of late.

Edward Bugbee, '97, has been appointed by the United States Government, mining specialist, to assist in gathering material for a report on the mineral resources of the country.

An article written by Walter T. Hoover, 1903, has recently been accepted by the sporting magazine, "Forest and Stream."

THE SAGAMORE

Through the town of Muddy River
  Once a Sagamore did roam;
On his back was slung a quiver.
  He was looking for a home.

Towards the High School he did wander,
  There his future camp to make;
But oft the scholars over yonder
  Have thought the Sagamore a "fake."

After many years of trouble,
  Sagamore at last did win;
And his name is now worth double
  What it was when he went in.

W. T. H. '03.

LOCALS

One of our scientific pupils was heard discoursing on the big gun at Sandy Hook. He said, "The cost of firing once is enormous. Why, two shots would put a fellow through Harvard."

1st Student, "Why is a forge like a buggy?"

2d Student, "Driven like the wind?"

1st Student "No. It has a hood."

Heard in III. German:

Pupil, "Does das Bier belong to the first class?"

Teacher, "Never. Bier is in the second class."

1st Scholar, "Why don't tiger lilies grow well in Stone's?"

2d Scholar, "Because they belong in Princeton, I suppose."

II. English Pupil, "What is 'Acheron'?"

English Teacher, "You'll find that in your Virgil — a river in Hades — you'll come to that next year."

What a terrifying prophecy!

Wanted: A Butler and Cook would like positions in a small family. Best of references. Inquire at Room 20.

In III. German, recently, "sie sich" was pronounced "sea-sick!"

Miss M——l recently made the startling statement that the arrows thrown by the English at the Siege of Calais had "rubber necks!"

I. English A:

T-yl-r, explaining the effect of a stereopticon view on the eye-sight, said, "Why, you think you see the real thing."

Basher, "Say, old man, have you heard that musician at Keith's? He has neither arms nor legs, yet plays the piano beautifully."

Smasher, "Impossible! How does he do it?"

Basher, "Why, he plays by ear."

We have a young Senior in Brook—
Who in Summer excels with a hook—,
But in school, I confess,
His work is a mess;—
He can't do a thing in the book—.

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The land on which the Brookline High School, Manual Training School, Bath House, Cypress Hills Station, residences of her grandchildren, Miss Agnes Davis, Tapan St., Mrs. Thomas Shewell, Miss Lucy D. Comstock, Miss Lucy Davis, Miss Sarah Rogers, were erected, including Cypress Place, Elm St., Davis Ave., Boylston St., corner Cypress St., belonged to her estate. Her son, Col. P. Stearns Davis, Mass. 39th Regt., killed front Petersburg, Va., July, 1864. Her grandson, Capt. Oliver Comstock, Mich. Regt., killed Gaines' Mills, front Richmond, Va., May, 1862.

January 28, 1829, Mrs. Lucy S. Davis married Dea. Elijah Corey, Corey Hill, Brookline, son of Capt. Timothy Corey, who was on duty at battle Lexington, 1775.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 9 APRIL, 1903 NUMBER 6

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS

SPRING is here again, and with it the birds. With what pleasure the bird-lover goes out to search in field and swamp and wood for the early migrants from the south, and with what joy he adds each new-comer to his list! The bluebird is the first to come, and almost at the same time the robin, with its cheery song, the red-winged blackbird, clad in its jet black coat and scarlet and gold epaulets, the rusty blackbird, in more sober attire than its red-winged cousin, and the bronzed grackle, iridescent in black, purple, and green.

Inspired by the arrival of these, some of the birds which have kept us company during the long winter burst forth again in song. The song sparrow pours out its rapturous melody from every thicket, the rollicking laugh of the flicker is heard from tree and fence-post, and the meadow lark whistles its sweet, plaintive note in the fields. About the middle of March, large flocks of tree sparrows, juncos, and song sparrows pass through on their journey northward to return to their favorite breeding grounds. It is among these flocks that the bird-lover eagerly haunts for the fox sparrow, and he feels well repaid for a long search when he finds this really handsome bird with its bright rufous wings and tail, and its heavily streaked breast. A few days later he may expectantly look for cow-birds feeding in the damp meadows, kingfishers perched on over-hanging limbs, silently watching for unwary fish in the stream below, and purple finches, phœbes, and tree swallows, all alike early comers.

While these land birds, all well known members of the feathered tribe, are coming to nest or to pass further north, many interesting ocean birds which perhaps are not so well known attract the attention of the careful observer. On the coast, the first signs of migration may be noticed in late February. The black ducks, horned

grebes, and murres come to join the ocean birds which spend the winter off our coast. Among the latter are the herring and black-backed gulls, which may always be seen gathered in immense flocks on the sand-bars at low tide; the golden-eye ducks or whistlers, so-called from the whistling noise made by their wings when flying; the long-tailed ducks, to be distinguished by their white heads and black breasts; the three scoters, American, white-winged, and surf; and the loons. By the second week in March greater scaup and buffle-headed ducks have arrived, unless, as has been noticed this year, they have spent the winter. Besides, there is always the chance of coming upon a rare duck, and then with what eagerness the observer notes all the markings and peculiarities of the bird under his glass, and perhaps finds it to be a redhead, or even a mallard, if such good luck were possible.

During the remainder of spring, every day seems to bring some new bird. Fly-catchers, swallows, vireos, wrens, thrushes, warblers, tanagers, cuckoos, and finches have arrived by May 15th. They are all to be seen and studied by any one who has a little interest and energy to enjoy this most charming branch of natural history.

F. G. B. and M. C. B.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER

BEFORE we "tell our tale," we would have our readers know that the authorship of this story is joint, as it has been written partly from memory of a tale told us at the tender age of six by our great-grandmother, and in places where memory was weak fancy has stepped in, and with these squares, as it were, we have quilted a tale.

One night in the early eighties, over a bare, lonely tract of country road, traveled a solitary horseman. His appearance and that of his horse indicated a hard and long ride. Perhaps because of no other comradeship, and perhaps because of the sterling worth of the noble horse, the rider treated him as a confidant and companion.

Stroking the animal's heaving sides, the horseman said, "Bear thee well, John Edward, just a short while longer, for ahead I see a structure, and by the gray smoke ascending from the chimney I

swear that here our journey ends. And thou, old fellow-wayfarer, shalt have as good an evening's entertainment as thy weary master. A long drink, oats, a clean couch of straw, and a touch of the curry-comb, I vow, if I have to break the thick pate of every stable boy in the place."

John Edward, thus admonished, lifted his foam-bespattered head and jogged along a bit livelier. And now they neared the house. As they clattered into the inn-yard, a fat, good-natured landlord presented himself, and in answer to the clamorous summons of the stranger, whose name by the way was Roger Sterling, shamefacedly announced (for it was the first time in the history of his house that it had been too full to admit of another guest) that his demand could not be granted, the "Mountain Eagle" was now full to overflowing.

The stranger looked from his own mud-bespattered riding suit to his weary horse, and then in a voice of desperation demanded whether there were not some "nook or cranny, a bunk in the kitchen, or a blanket in the garret" that a way-worn stranger could occupy for the night.

"No," said mine host, "that there is not. The only place in the house that does not claim three beds to a room is the haunted chamber, and I reckon that thou wouldst rather journey farther than seek entertainment with—" but he did not speak further, and it was seldom that he brought himself to speak even that much of the "haunted chamber," for our landlord was politician enough to understand that nothing was so effectual to the speedy departure of a proposed patron as mention of the "haunted room."

But this guest was out of the ordinary run. He laughed to scorn the worthy host's low mention of the chamber, and declared that that would do as well as any other, especially if he could have it alone; he never was particular about the history of his sleeping apartment, a ghost chamber would do as well as any other.

With this assurance, finding that he would be unable to evade the tenacious stranger, mine host called a stable boy, who with the interposition of a silver shilling in place of the broken head that Sterling had raved of previously, attended to the comfort of John Edward with all the solicitude of a mother, or a boy happy in the possession of pecuniary wealth.

Meanwhile Sterling had entered the house, which was, as the worthy host said, overcrowded, and was eating with the other guests the evening meal, served in a long room which was entered by three small steps. The apartment was built in such a way that it was about three feet below all the other rooms on the ground floor. The haunted chamber, the stranger learned afterwards, was on the second floor, directly above the dining-room. After the evening meal, Sterling proceeded to his chamber. It was an apartment which, judging by appearances, seemed to have been, before it fell into disuse, the principal guest chamber of the establishment. The walls were hung with stamped Holland leather in lieu of tapestry, the bed was hung plentifully with curtains, and the floor was covered with a thick, speckled carpet.

While Sterling made his preparations for retiring, he meditated on the reasons why such a grasping and material man as the host of the "Mountain Eagle" could forego the gratification of profit from his best room. Perhaps a melancholy lord, infected with the spirits of his falling house, had tainted it, perhaps a murderer had soiled it with his sinful presence, perhaps some persecuted churchman had occupied it and made it his own in his vain flying from the wrath of King Henry VIII., perhaps—"but," said Sterling, "pooh, it is just an ordinary guest-chamber, unused because of the superstition of this beery host and his ignorant fathers." With this he shut his eyes, but it was long ere exhausted nature found relief in sleep.

A broad, pale ray of moony light showed from the black stamped leather, a voice as of a malignant, evil, and foul demon was speaking, but Sterling could not distinguish one word. It was as if the Holland makers of the tapestry were speaking to him in their native tongue. Suddenly, in accompaniment to this diabolical voice, thousands of squeaky little brownies voiced their spleen. The noise was too great for even the tired Sterling. He awoke shaking, covered with a cold perspiration, the muscles of his face contracted and tightened. He put his hands on his aching head, and the fear seemed to unjoint his bones, so awful were the sounds that he heard.

Suddenly they ceased! All was still. He lay back exhausted, not sleeping, and yet not knowing anything. But no! he was not destined to rest yet. This time he was awakened from his stupor by

the same uncanny light, but the voice was changed. It was keen and low now.

"Do you want to be shaved?" it asked. "Do you want to be shaved?"

"Plague on it," said Sterling, "in the faith that I've been brought up in, for the sake of religion and my constitution, I will explore into this mystery."

Arising, he grasped his rapier, and went toward the place whence the sound proceeded. Raising the leather, he tapped against the rough wall underneath, and followed it along until he brought up at a small window which indicated by his soundings that the trouble originated there.

He raised the sash, and lo, the mystery was unveiled, for behold, the author of his fright was a large, bare tree which tapped against the clapboards of the house and with the assistance of mice, hollow places in the wall, and imagination, produced these horrible noises. The beam of light had evidently been simple moon-stream.

A loud peal of unruly laughter coming from the room below startled him. This was the "last straw" that put mischief into Sterling's head. Wrapping himself in a sheet, he seized the wash-bowl and his razor. Down the stairs he went with "airiness" enough to rival any ghost. Peering from a safe place, he beheld the guests of the evening playing at cards and gambling, as certain piles of gold beside each man's elbow indicated.

On he went. Now he stood by the door of the dining-room. With a ghostly shriek he brandished the razor, and leaping from the steps to the table asked in a supernatural voice, "Do you want to be shaved?"

That was enough! Upsetting chairs and knocking one another down in their hurry of departure, they left, regardless of their gold. This Sterling gathered into the bowl by means of the razor, and after this was finished he went off to his slumbers.

When he came down stairs in the morning the guests were just beginning to show their frightened heads in the house again, satisfied that their uncanny disturber had been a very material spirit.

"How did you rest last night?" inquired the landlord, whose usual redness of face was changed to greeny paleness.

"Never better in my life," untruthfully answered the guest.

"What, did you not see the invader who frightened us so?" asked mine host.

"Oh, I doubt me, in the night somebody asked me if I wanted to be shaved, but I replied, 'No, kind sir, I always shave myself,' and turned over, and he left."

When, however, later in the day, certain gainers of the previous night uttered underbreath complaints concerning their losses, Sterling, after delivering them a little lecture, laid the ghost by producing the gold, which he divided equally among them, and then explained his discoveries.

Moral: We think that every supernatural riddle may be solved by a determined person, and that it will turn out to be but the ordinary results of natural causes, also that those engaged in sinful occupations are easily terrified. H. M. C., '06.

CANOEING ON THE CHARLES

AS one stands anywhere on the banks of the Charles River, but more especially in the vicinity of Riverside, one sees a most picturesque scene.

On a summer's day the river is dotted far and wide with canoes, and now and then a row-boat. Many who own their canoes have them fixed up with pillows, cushions, and all sorts of comforts. One often sees a canoe tied under the shade of some overhanging willows — its occupants reading or playing a musical instrument; or, sometimes merely reclining on the cushions, apparently lost in thought. In some canoes the fellow is paddling down stream, while the girl is almost hidden under a large bright parasol; but sometimes she has the paddle. In others, one will see two fellows smoking or singing college songs. All who share this delightful pleasure appear to be blissfully happy. All cares and worriment — perchance they have such things — seem brushed away by the breeze as they glide by.

In the evening many of the canoes are lighted by Japanese lanterns. On every Saturday night in June, at least, and I know not what other months, the Newton Boat Club gives a concert. On these

nights the canoes are all lighted by Japanese lanterns and all the girls in them wear Joss-sticks stuck in their hair. On many boats there are phonographs which add much to the liveliness of the occasion. These nights are greatly enjoyed by both participants and on-lookers, for as one can easily judge, these are very picturesque and festive occasions. A. L. P., 1903.

HOW THE HONOR OF VANDREUIL WAS SAVED

THE fort of Vercheres was situated on the St. Lawrence River about twenty miles below Montreal. This little fort was surrounded on every side by dense forests, and the only access to Montreal was by way of the river. To this fortress in 16— the Marquis de Vandreuil came as commander. He had been exiled to New France by the King, for what reason none could say, though it was rumored that he and the King had quarreled about some love affair.

Thus it happened that he and his daughter, Madeline, who were accustomed to the splendors of the most brilliant court in Europe, came to Vercheres, which, to them, was a mere cluster of wooden huts in the heart of the wilderness. An occasional attack by the savages was the only thing that broke the unending and almost unendurable monotony of the place. To the Marquis this was death— but to Madeline it was life and freedom; for youth adapts itself more readily to change than does age.

Late in the autumn, about a month after his arrival there, the Marquis de Vandreuil was summoned to Montreal. Sorrowfully he took farewell of his daughter at the landing place, for he must leave her and the women of the fort in the midst of the Iroquois' land, with only ten soldiers as protectors.

"Ah, my child," he said, "I'd give all my possessions, or, rather, what I did have, were you but a son. With me dies the glory and renown of the name of Vandreuil.

"But, father, may not girls do gallant deeds? I may save the honor of our name."

"Nay, child, girls are all right in their place, but—I will not grieve thee, sweet, just wait till I am recalled to France, if ever that be, then we shall see."

Slowly the boats, filled with soldiers, swung out into mid-stream, and Madeline, through eyes blinded with tears, stood and watched them vanish in the distance.

Toward noon of the next day, Madeline, who was outside the gate of the fort, saw four canoes filled with Indians coming down the river. She stood and watched them in amazement, why were they coming? Surely her father—? She turned and ran towards the fort, as the Indians in full war paint leaped out upon the shore.

"To arms! To arms!' she cried, "The Iroquois are coming!"

At the sound of this dread name some of the men who were working in the fields ran toward the fort—but the Indians were quicker than they. Unable to give aid, their friends witnessed a massacre of the white men.

With a courage which surprised herself, Madeline distributed the ammunition among those within the fort and helped care for the wounded all that day. The Indians, who thought the fort was strongly fortified, did not attack, but contented themselves with dancing and yelling around it.

By night eight of the ten soldiers were killed, and to make matters worse it began to snow heavily. Madeline, thinking only of the honor of her father's name, stationed her terror-stricken garrison at set intervals on the bastions, for she feared lest the Indians might try to take the fort under cover of the storm. For should the fort be taken, it would mean disgrace to her father, and instant, horrible death to themselves.

All through that long, terrible night the little garrison waited in deadly fear lest the redskins should attack them. In the dull, gray light of dawn, the fort and fields shone dazzling white under their cover of snow. Here and there on the snow was the track of moccasined feet—but nowhere was an Indian to be seen. Toward noon the Indians again appeared, but retired when fired on. The same thing went on for five days. The food was almost gone, and Madeline felt her courage ebbing slowly away—would her father never return? She stood gazing, as was her wont, down the river in the direction of Montreal. She thought of France, of her joyous

life there, of her father, who must surely have been killed by the Indians, and of her death, which seemed so near.

Suddenly she saw a boat creep around the bend of the river, then another, and finally a third. Did they contain French or Indians? Breathlessly she watched them approach, and when they were almost opposite the fort she saw the boats were filled with armed men —the soldiers of France!

Early next May a redskin came to the fort, bringing to the Marquis a letter which bore the royal seal of France.

With trembling hands he broke the seal and read it, then he called out with a joyous voice, "Madeline, Madeline, the King forgives me —he recalls me for my daughter's bravery in saving his fort from the enemy—the honor of Vandreuil is saved forever." '04.

MR. JENKINS' MIXED DRINK

A CRABBED, narrow-minded, and stingy old man named Jenkins lived on a fair estate in one of Boston's suburbs with his good-natured wife and charming step-daughter, Amelia. The latter had recently been receiving the attentions of an upright, honest, and handsome gentleman from the city, whose only fault was a fanciful superstitiousness. Since the pair was desirous of being married, and no reason could be found for preventing their happy union, Mrs. Jenkins would have their engagement announced, but her selfish husband found every pretense for setting ahead the day of the announcement, and meanwhile showed the young man the coldest hospitality possible. For this reason the two young people were in the habit of sitting together in a small summer-house about twenty rods from the house, where they might watch the sunset and see the surrounding landscape to advantage, for this summer-house was perched high up on a knoll and was approached by some few steps.

One evening in summer, when the young man was enjoying his sweetheart's company in this delightful outlook, he heard, almost in his very ear, a low whispering murmur which gradually gave way to a sinister, ghost-like warning in these words, "If you stay—in—these —localities— beware — beware your life— your l-i-i-fe——." The

young man gave a violent start and hurriedly took leave of Amelia, who, though less terrified, was none the less astonished at this strange sound. It seemed to issue from the very air around them, yet there was no rational theory to explain it.

The young man, White, I think his name was, did not renew his visits for some time, and when he did he took care not to sit in the summer-house; but venturing thither once, he was again startled by the ominous warning. He was so terrified by the repetition of this strange occurrence that he discontinued his visits entirely and took up letter writing as the best substitute. Amelia was not pleased with his separation from her, and, being of a practical turn of mind, she set herself to solve the mystery of the uncanny voice. While diligently inspecting the posts and flooring of the summer-house she noticed in what seemed a mere knot-hole in one of the posts a metal tube, apparently the end of a speaking tube. A clever idea struck her, and going back to the house she went to her room and wrote a letter asking Mr. White to be on the scene at nine o'clock. When he arrived, Miss Amelia would have him carry a pail-full of water into the back cellar door and with all the silence possible pour it into an open pipe which stuck out of the wall. What he was doing it for she would not tell him, but bade him wait a while. Then Amelia brought to the summer-house the end of a long hose which was used to water the grounds.

The couple sat down in the summer-house then, Mr. White waiting to see what would happen. Suddenly a little bubbling sound was heard from the ghost that haunted the place. Mr. White was motionless with fear, but Amelia seized the nozzle of the hose, and placing it quickly up to the "knot-hole" in the post, she turned on a strong stream of water. Immediately a horrible scream was heard from the direction of the house, and Amelia, running back to see what the matter was, found her father down stairs apparently in a fit. He was drenced from head to foot in water, and, though apparently coughing and sneezing all the time, he was able to utter frightful oaths. Mrs. Jenkins ran to see what the matter was, and seeing her husband in such a plight she could not laugh enough.

As soon as Mr. Jenkins had his throat cleared, he called in his would-be son-in-law, who had been seeing the fun though the back cellar door. Then a compromise was settled on. Mr. Jenkins

offered to renounce his prejudice against his daughter's suitor if the others, on the other hand, including Mrs. Jenkins, would keep the matter from the gossip of the neighbors.

Surely an explanation of the ghost's voice, of Amelia's eccentric actions, and of Mr. Jenkins' shower-bath and throat gargle is unnecessary for our bright Sagamore readers. H. T., 1903.

FROM RICHARD III.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made doubly woeful by this mid-year scheme;
And all the hopes that lay within our hearts
Now in the bosom of the snowdrift lie.
With troublous thoughts our minds are filled now,
Our L's and D's writ down for reference;
Our fairer visions changed to melancholy facts;
Our vain elation to submissive meekness.
Sweet-faced teachers knit their wearied brows;
And now, instead of talking hopefully,
To cheer the souls of fearful boys and girls,
They muse and ponder o'er their books
To see how well, or ill, we all have done.
But I, that am not made for lustrous feats,
Nor made to shine in brilliance unsurpassed,
And am so dull I need much wariness
To get but one fair pass in F—
And am deprived of this fair gift,
Cheated of honors by this dense stupidity,
Stupid, most stupid, worn before my time,
By the growing knowledge of my ignorance,
And that so awful and remarkable,
That people stare as I pass by them;
Why I in this most anxious time of grief
Have no delight to pass away the time
Unless to think of my received marks,
And mourn o'er mine own ignorance.
And therefore since I can not prove a genius,
To increase in knowledge all my days,
I am determined to prove a noodle,
And leave the student's pleasure to the wise.

G. W. L., 1905.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year from November to June inclusive, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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EDITORIALS

THERE are some of us among those who in a few weeks will have finished forever our school life, who are beginning to realize that there is a greater problem before us than any that we have ever met. That problem is n't the getting of a diploma: it is getting on in the world; and we are inwardly questioning ourselves as to how fit we are for the struggle. What have we got in our school life, we ask ourselves. Not enough, is the answer. We have missed almost as much as we have got. And why? Only because we didn't know the value of what we were getting; and because we went along in our happy-go-lucky way, and took no thought for the morrow. We can see it now, and wish that we had the chance to do it all over again. And because we know now how much we should have got and did n't, there is hope for the future. We shall keep on learning wherever we go, and we have already learned how little we actually know: and the realization of how little one knows and how much one has to learn is the beginning of knowledge.

Now, looking back over our school life, we can see our mistakes, and wish that some one had warned us in time. Still, we do not despair, we shall get on well with what we have; we have much, but not all that we might have had. So we want to point out the way, as we wish it had been pointed out to us; we want to impress on Junior, and Sophomore, and Freshman, the fact that it is of the highest importance to get all one can out of one's school life. School days will not be less happy because they are spent with a definite purpose—a purpose higher than the getting of a diploma, the purpose to fit oneself for living in the world and to get the greatest possible enjoyment out of life. Play hard out of school, work hard in school, be attentive, be appreciative, be thoughtful, and

" *Take fast hold of instruction, let her not go*:
keep her; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

HOW ABOUT A TENNIS TOURNAMENT THIS SUMMER?

Now that the "good old summer time" is near at hand, we naturally turn our attention to out-door sports! For years back

baseball is the only summer game in which our fellows have displayed any enthusiasm. Why not leave the well-worn road which our predecessors have traveled over, and set out upon some new project? Why can't we have a tennis tournament this summer?

There is absolutely no doubt about the feasibility of having a tennis tournament. Some of you may smile when we say that it could be held on the court behind the school. In the condition in which the court is now, of course good playing would be out of the question. But would not the town authorities go to the slight expense of leveling and rolling the ground behind the school? They have always shown themselves willing to promote athletics in the High School. Last year they hired surveyors and workmen to get the running track into condition for the athletic meet. Would they not be equally obliging this year in regard to tennis?

If the ground was fixed we could lay out several courts instead of the one which now exists, and thereby prevent the tournament from being tiresome and long-drawn-out.

That the idea of a tennis tournament would "take" there is no doubt. Only nine fellows can play upon the ball team, and the great majority of the rest loaf around trying to find something to do. These fellows, we are sure, would enter heartily into our scheme. We could have class teams and tournaments, individual championships, doubles, and a girls' tournament. The entrance fees would fill up a gap which is always open—the treasury of our Athletic Association—and the event would relieve the dead monotony which is so prevalent just about this time.

It is to be hoped that the Athletic Association will consider The Sagamore's proposed tennis tournament. It would help the Association greatly not only from a financial standpoint, but would also greatly please the scholars of the B. H. S., and give them something to do before vacation.

"I'm broke, and the outlook's not pleasant,"
Exclaimed the poor sinner;
"I'll have to have dinner for nothing
Or nothing for dinner."

ATHLETICS

INDOOR MEET

A large crowd watched the 1903 indoor school meet. The Senior Class won with a large margin of points, and 1905 beat out the Junior Class for second place. The events were all very close, but the most exciting was the contest between Tomlin, '03, and Skidmore, '05, for the first place in the high dive. Neither contestant could get higher than six feet one, so they were forced to toss up, and Skidmore won. The finish of the potato race was so close as to nearly be a tie; and in winning this event Thompson broke the old school record by 2-5s. making a new record of 24 3-5s. The dashes and team races were also close, and the final class race between '05 and '03 made a fine ending to the meet.

20-yard dash (grammar schools)—Won by D. Sharp, Pierce; second, A. Treadwell, Devotion; third, M. Toppan, Pierce. Time 3 3-5s.

20-yard dash (fourth class)—Won by A. Hill; second, J. H. Driscoll; third, R. D. Marshall. Time 3 2-5s.

20-yard dash—Won by S. T. Bittenbender, '03; second, W. D. Thompson, '03; third, A. R. Skidmore, '05. Time 3 1-5s.

440-yard dash—Won by W. D. Thompson, '03; second, T. C. Defriez, '05; third, E. T. Hobart, '04. Time, 1m. 8s.

880-yard run—Won by J. V. Quinlan, '03; second, S. T. Bittenbender, '03; third, R. O. Brackett, '04. Time, 2m. 52 1-5s.

Mile run—Won by J. Shine, '03; second, W. A. Carlisle, '04; third, E. Allen, '05. Time, 5m. 42s.

Potato Race—Won by W. D. Thompson, '03; second, W. D. Dexter, Jr., '03; third, W. Cook, '04. Time, 24 3-5s.

25-yard low hurdles—Won by S. T. Bittenbender, '03; second, W. S. Davidson, '05; third, T. C. Defriez, '05. Time, 4 1-5s.

High dive—Won on toss for tie by A. R. Skidmore, '05, height, 6 ft.; second, R. K. Tomlin, '03, height, 6 ft.; third, C. A. Heilborn, '03, height, 5 ft., 6 in.

High jump—Won by W. D. Dexter, Jr., '03, height, 5 ft. 4 in.; S. T. Bittenbender, '03, height, 5 ft. 1 in.; third, R. S. Richey, '03, height, 5 ft. 1 in.

Three jumps—Won by S. T. Bittenbender, '03, distance 29 ft. 5½ in.; second, H. W. Butler, '05, distance 26 ft., 7 in; third, W. S Davidson, '05, distance 26 ft. 6½ in.

Team race, Devotion vs. Pierce School—Won by Devotion on a foul.

Team races, 1903 (Bittenbender, Quinlan, Delano, Thompson) vs. 1904 (D. Kerrigan, Erehard, Bartlett, Stranahan)—Won by 1903. Time, 2m.; 1905 (Defriez, Norcross, O'Loughlin, Davidson) vs. 1906 (Bailey, Brackett, Fogarty, Hill)—Won by 1905. Time, 2m. 1s. Final heat won by 1903. Time, 1m. 59s.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL GAMES

On Friday afternoon, February twenty-eighth, the girls' basketball team went to Braintree to play the girls of Thayer Academy. Soon after the beginning of the game Thayer scored one, which was soon followed by a score for Brookline. Our girls played the game at great disadvantage, for, contrary to our custom, we played with boys' rules, five on a side. The teams, however, were very evenly matched, but the final score was in favor of Thayer, 13-12.

After the game the teams enjoyed informal dancing in the gymnasium until time to return.

The line-up was: Brookline, the Misses Beard, Chick, Morse, Jolly, Burpee, and Henry (sub.); Thayer, the Misses Josselyn, Faxon, Arnold, Forsythe, and Underhay.

Several of the girls went down to witness the game, and Miss Adams and Miss Smith chaperoned the party.

On March fourteenth the girls' team played Medford High in our gymnasium. It was a well played and interesting game, our girls being victorious 22-5.

The girls of the team would like to have more girls as spectators at their games, and urge all those who can to come. The line-up was: Brookline, the Misses Beard, Chick, Morse, Jolly, Burpee, Tuckerman, Webber, and Henry (sub.); Medford, the Misses Briggs, Sargent, Durkee, Murphy, Evans, Perrin, and Blake.

On Saturday afternoon, March twenty-first, our girls' basketball team was beaten 14-11 at Salem. The game was an exceedingly interesting one, and at the end of the first half the score was 9-9. In the second half the Salem girls had things about their own way. After the game refreshments were served.

The line-up was: Salem, the Misses Fox, Harris, Schnetzer, Torry, Little, Brown, and Smith; Brookline, the Misses Beard, Morse, Chick, Henry, Jolly, Webber, and Burpee.

EXCHANGE COLUMN

It is sometimes hard to amuse oneself reading the jokes in the exchanges; but let us remember that much interesting news about other schools may be learned to advantage from reading them. To see others' faults from an unbiased stand-point and to see in what and how other schools excel us, might do much to help us make the Brookline High School and The Sagamore without their equals. Our jokes, like those of our exchanges, are mostly "Locals," to be laughed at by ourselves alone. But here are a few selections that may amuse us as well as the people that made them.

There were two women in church, one listening to the choir, the other to the crickets outside.

First Woman—"Don't they sing beautifully?"

Second Woman—"Yes, and is n't it wonderful to think that they do it all with their hind feet."

THE ZOO RACE

The animals thought they would have a race;
The Monkey was referee;
The Bull was stakeholder, for, as he said,
It was his nature to be.

The Camel got a hump on himself;
The Lion ran with might and mane;
The Tiger stood off, for a beast of his stripe
Was not let to enter again.

The Elephant took his trunk along,
In case he won the prize;
The Peacock was starter, and missed no one,
For, you see, he was all eyes.

Some spotted the Leopard for winner sure;
The old ones chose the Gnu;
While those who leap to conclusions quick
Bet on the Kangaroo.

The Ostrich plumed himself on his speed;
All tried the record to wreck;
The Hippopotamus blew his own horn,
But the Giraffe, he won by a neck.

Charley (at 10 p. m.)—"Did you hear that noise?"

Alonzo (eagerly)—"No; what was it?"

Charley—"The bed ticking."

He put his arm around her waist,
The color left her cheek,
But upon the shoulder of his coat
It showed up for a week.

It was decided that Mr. Wright must administer a stern lecture to his four-year-old daughter Florence. The little girl had been naughty, but she did not seem to appreciate the fact, and Mr. Wright reluctantly undertook a "scolding." He hated to make the tender little heart ache and to see the dear little child cry, but he forced himself to speak judiciously and severely. He recounted her misdeeds and explained the why and wherefore of his stern rebuke. Mrs. Wright sat by, looking duly impressed. Finally Mr. Wright paused for breath, and also to hear the small culprit acknowledge her error. The scolding was never continued. Florence turned a face beaming with admiration to her mother and said innocently: "Is n't papa interesting?"

"Three minutes for dinner!" cried the railroad porter.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed a passenger. "The last time I was here it was three dollars!"

A woman on the death of her husband telegraphed to a distant friend: "Dear Joseph is dead. Loss fully covered by insurance."

DISLIKE FOR ARITHMETIC

Prince Edward of Wales had a profound distaste for arithmetic. Many times the future King of England has been put in a corner for evidencing his dislike. Once when he saw books and slates made ready to start the day's lessons he arose from the table at which he had been sitting and said quietly to his tutor: "I don't think I'll do 'rithmetic today. Think I'll go in the corner again, if you don't mind," and marched away like a soldier, leaving a much bewildered tutor in the rear.

A small boy was taught the Lord's Prayer and found it much to his taste. For a few days he kept it going with great assiduity, but then he announced to his mother in disgust, "I heard another fellow say that prayer today, mother. It's going to get all around town."

Teacher—Johnnie, that is the worst composition in the class, and I'm going to write to your father and tell him."

Johnnie—"Don't keer if ye do; he wrote it fer me."

THE EXHIBIT OF ANTIQUES

IN the rooms of the new Manual Training School building, the Education Society has, for the past month, exhibited a remarkable collection of antiques. Many people have availed themselves of this opportunity to examine the handiwork of centuries ago, and to compare it with the handiwork of our own generation.

There were displayed the products of many hands and many brains—English, French, Dutch, Swiss, German, Italian, Spanish, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, in short, the work of nearly every human race.

There might be seen the wonderful embroidery of China and Japan, the laces of the Old World, and the handiwork of the new. Cloth from the Sandwich Islands made of wood-pulp, shoes, purses, bags of straw and vegetable fiber from the East, were shown beside the knitted work of Peru and Bolivia and the quilts and laboriously-worked samples of our own New England.

Necklaces and bracelets of the American Indians contrasted with the jewelry of ancient Rome. Beautifully hand-wrought ornaments of old Europe lay beside the carved ivory and gold of India and Japan. One might see the pottery of savage tribes and the porcelains of China, with their delicate coloring, and the tiles and pottery of Holland and Flanders. Huge cauldrons and kettles of beaten brass and copper carried the imagination back to the scenes of history in which they figured. Brass, copper, and pewter mugs and tankards took one back to the days of romance and strong heads. Swords and daggers of all shapes and kinds added to the enchantment of antiquity, and called back to memory storied scenes of hard-fought battles, duels for the fame of some fair lady, or the cowardly stab in the blackness of the night. Here bows and arrows told the story of the passing of the red man, here the basket-work told of his present humble occupation.

Ireland, England, Sweden, Russia, Arabia, India, and Japan contributed carved and stamped wood and leather. The carved figure of a saint of the Middle Ages hung next to an exquisitely carved paddle of a South Sea Island tribe. Ivory and ebony, carved with surpassing skill, told of the patient labor of Mongol and Hindu. Japanese vases and ornaments of natural wood, fashioned from the

roots of trees, added a quaint touch to the display. In one room stood a huge four-posted Spanish bed, and near it great wooden chests and settles of the 16th and 17th centuries. What dreams one might have there of galleons laden with gold and silver sailing back to Spain with the wealth of this new-discovered land of ours. There, too, stood arm-chairs and straight-back chairs of the time of the Merry Monarch. There were the books of his merry reign and of three hundred years before. There were the illuminated parchments of the monks with the bright rubric initials—and near-by were the books and *ex-libris* designs of our own day, to call us back from this revery of the charmed past to the purposeful activity of our own times, and to bear in upon us the lesson of our long preparation for the increasingly rapid progress which we are enabled to make by the long, patient toil of the myriads who have gone before to pave our way.

ALDI, '03.

NEWS NOTES

Fred Lahee of the class of 1903 has written a series of articles on "Spring" for the Transcript; the first on birds, the second on insects, and the third on flowers and plants.

The Third Class had a German celebration in Room 20, on March 20th. On this occasion a shield bearing the German seal was presented to the room by the members of the class; and German songs were sung.

1901, Harold Moore Richards has left Harvard for the rest of the year to enter upon a new life beyond the Rockies. He is going on a ranch in Caljury, Canada, where he is to join the corps of rough riders in pursuit of steers and horses.

It will soon be time for the college pupils to begin "cramming" for their exams.

The B. H. S. relay team beat Mechanics Arts High School in the Interscholastic meet last month.

Those interested in the study of birds were pleased to find a "Bird Calendar" upon the board at the head of the stairs, March 18th.

The artist who drew the poster for the athletic meet is to be congratulated upon his fine work.

Success to the base-ball team!

1900, Philip Fessenden, after passing entrance examinations for Bowdoin, found that he was prepared to enter the Sophomore Class. Consequently, he omitted the work of the Freshman year. After returning to Bowdoin in the fall of 1901, he gave up college at the mid-years and went into a stock-broker's office in New York. He has now decided to return to Bowdoin and prepare for a theological school, in which he will study for the Episcopal ministry.

1901, Ruth Blodgett and Harriet Kitchel have been admitted to Alpha, a literary society of Smith. To enter this society means social as well as a literary distinction.

Winthrop Foster played forward the entire season on Harvard's championship hockey team.

At a debate between Harvard Seniors and Freshman the latter won, owing in a large measure to the ability of Henry Hirshberg, B. H. S, '02. As a reward for his efforts and excellence he received the Pasteur Medal.

Norton Shepherd and Stuart Webb made the Harvard 'Varsity swimming team.

Arthur Cushing has been admitted to the Boylston Medical Club. It is considered a great honor to become a member of this club.

R. Stranahan was elected captain of the II. Class track team.

We hear that the girls' basket-ball team plays rather lively games. May the so-called "roughness" mentioned after the C. L. S. game be gently cast aside.

Much interest has been shown in the idea of having one pin for the whole school. Please submit good designs to Horace Taylor, Room 10.

We all enjoyed the touch of summer we got in March.

LeMoyne, formerly of the B. H. S., is certainly without a peer in putting the shot.

There is talk of having a tennis tournament this summer. If the committee borrows a tennis court, it is hoped that they will return it more promptly than the ping pong table was returned.

1892, Mary Sanborn is studying medicine at Tufts Medical School.

EXCUSES

When a pupil is late in arriving at school, he is obliged to write his excuse in a book kept for the purpose. Some of the statements are very short and to the point; as "Rain," "Slippery walking;" others are written in most excellent form, perhaps in the hope that a good mark in English composition may follow. A favorite phrase is "Inclement weather." A few of the excuses are printed below.

Had a bad cold and had decided not to go to school, but changed my mind at 8.25.

Car would not go up hill.

Snow to shovel.

Poor walking. Fell down.

Little puppy followed half way to school. Had to take him home.

Stopped on way to school to sell tickets for "Me an' Otis."

Clock stopped.

Told the conductor to stop and he took me a block further. Road slippery.

Slept at my grandmother's and was not called till 8.15.

An accident occured last evening, hurting my leg. I tried to walk fast, but did not succeed.

Bad walking caused disastrous fall.

Watch 1-2 minute slow.

Fell in the gutter.

Could not find rubbers.

Slept over.

Fell on the way to school and went home.

Had to stop twice on the way to school to prevent my ears from freezing.

I didn't feel well and somehow the time slipped away too fast.

ADVERTISEMENTS

I.

There was once a little girl,
But she had no little curl,
  Right down in the middle of her forehead;
She would sit upon the stoop,
Eating naught but "Kickham's Soup,"
  And she thought all other kinds were horrid.

II.

Have-a-bit-a Biscuit,
  It's something good to eat;
You need not fear to risk it,
  For it's wholesome, good, and sweet;

It's just the thing for luncheon,
  It's just the thing for tea,
It's just the thing to munchon,
  Just the thing for you and me.

LOCALS

Lost, at the Town Hall, some black and yellow bunting. Finder please return to the class of 1905.

Was n't "Me An' Otis" immense! Especially Otis.

Conundrum—Why do so many pupils wish warm weather to come?

Answer—Because then the teachers won't give out such long lessons(?).

The II. B French is becoming prominent for its remarkable powers with wireless telegraphy. Some members are so intuitive that they can answer before the question is given.

The athletic games at the Town Hall were truly a running success.

Shall we thank Mr. Aldrich or the weather man for our days of no school last winter?

Some opinions expressed concerning the short recess:—

First Pupil—"Whenever I hurry to get on the outside of my lunch, I always feel sure that it's inside."

Second Pupil—"For me, it's much easier to cram rolls than to cram Greek."

Third Pupil—"Well, I eat slow because I do not like to fast."

The scholars in Room 8 were told not to hang out the windows. Some one was heard to ask if they should take in the clothes-line.

At the forge-room—"Say, that fellow can never make a blacksmith."
"Of course not, he can't make a ring yet."

Clippings from II. Physics: Teacher reads—" 'A sum of $1,000,000 will be paid for the invention of a relay to carry the voice from Chicago to San Francisco connecting Boston,' " then remarks, "That's almost as large a prize as the Ladies' Home Journal offers for getting out puzzles."

The egg came from we know not where,
But it certainly crashed on the upper stair.

This is the English of a sentence in Ovid—"Ceres knocked at the low door, and an old woman came out, and seeing the goddess, gently gave her some water."

This is the way it was translated at sight by a member of the college division—" Ceres beat upon the door posts, and a donkey emerged and seeing the goddess, gently dropped a tear!"

Still another, evidently recalling the story of Moses and the thirsty Israelites, said: "Ceres beat upon the small door-posts, and a stream burst forth."

Were the members of the senior gymnastic class crazy on March 18th? No! They were merely taking the Harvard strength test.

Did Hir—b—n break the strength record? No, only a suspender.

Instructor—"Well, Miss B—, proceed."
Miss B.—"Er-er—I'm not sure of the next word, is it sweetness?"
Instructor—"Yes, sweetness, go on."

In III. French, Mr. Brooks was speaking of a man who could ride anything in the horse line, and somebody inquired about a nightmare.

Bill had pulled a hair out of his head and was carefully examining it. The teacher had told him every hair in his head was numbered and he was looking to see what number this one was.

Q.—How did Goliath pass into unconsciousness?
A.—David rocked him to sleep.

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MAY
1903

THE SAGAMORE

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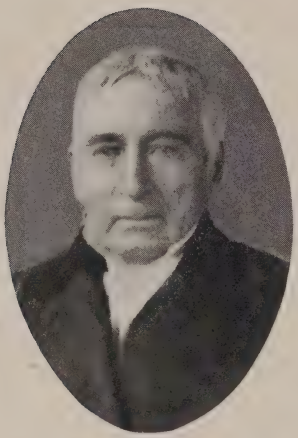

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Born April 5, 1788; died Sept. 20, 1887. His ancestor was Thomas Griggs, Roxbury, 1635.

Elected Deacons Brookline (Mass.) Baptist Church, June, 1828, date of organization.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 9 MAY, 1903 NUMBER 7

BROOKLINE IN 1700

A PERSON looking westward from Boston Common in 1700 would have seen, beyond the Charles River Bay, a beautiful, wooded country, crowned by four high hills. That land was then known to the inhabitants as Muddy River; today we call it Brookline. The inhabitants of colonial Boston prized it for its great supply of fine timber, and later for its grazing facilities. To such a great extent was this wood used, that one might say that almost every house in Boston, at that time, was built from Brookline wood.

The hamlet of Muddy River was part of Boston, in 1700, but the boundaries were the same as those of Brookline today. The inhabitants numbered about fifty, with a proportional number of houses. There were only three thoroughfares in town; and, except for two lanes, these were the whole extent of public roadway then in existence.

The oldest road in town, and, in fact, one of the oldest in the colony, was the Sherburne road to Watertown. It started in the village and went where we today find Walnut street, Boylston street from the Reservoir to Chestnut Hill avenue, and Heath street It is very apparent, to one who has gone over the ground, why they made such a sharp turn around the upper part of Walnut street. One sees masses of rock which must have been a serious obstacle to the early road makers. This road was very beautiful at this time. One can readily imagine that the rocks, meadows, and the magnificent views of Boston, Roxbury and Cambridge, from the heights of Heath street, must have made it especially pleasant and picturesque. The land on both sides of this road, from the village, was part of the "great lott" which was granted to Thomas Leverett. He used it for a pasture only, and built no houses. At some early date a large part of this grant was sold to the White, or Whyte, family, but whether the sale occurred prior to 1700, or not, cannot be discovered. This

grant extended from Boylston street south for an unknown distance. The northerly portion of the Leverett grant was heavily wooded; but to the southwest, around Cypress street, it was much more open.

In 1700, there was not a single house on the Sherburne road, from the village to a point just beyond Cypress street. The first dwelling was opposite the present cemetery, and was the property of Joshua Gardiner; in early Brookline the name occurs frequently in the town records. This Joshua was the son of Thomas Gardiner, who was the first of the name to dwell in Brookline. The house was burned in 1691, but was rebuilt the next year and continued to stand for a long time.

A schoolhouse, which was the first one that Brookline built without the aid of Boston, was situated at the junction of Warren street and the old road. It was a low, wooden building, and must have been very uncomfortable; but it served its purpose for almost a hundred years.

A small brook ran parallel to Walnut street, at this point. Behind Joshua Gardiner's house it formed a swamp which was the terror of the inhabitants, from the number of snakes which it contained. That portion of Boylston street which formed part of the Sherburne road had several houses on it. The first one was the property of Deacon Thomas Gardiner, brother of Joshua. He was a great churchman, supporting the Roxbury church till the one in Brookline was built, and then attending that. He also signed that noted petition which won Brookline her freedom from Boston control. His house was situated on the northwestern corner of what are now Sumner road and Boylston street. The situation was a beautiful one. To the east, the ground sloped gently to the village, while Fisher Hill towered up from his very back door. The brook before mentioned passed through his yard and probably furnished the family, not only with the best of drinking water, but also with a most perfect drainage. The country was an unbroken wilderness, with but one other house in sight. This was a large weather-beaten structure, situated about half a mile further up the road and belonging to another of the Gardiners, named Nathaniel. This Gardiner family owned all the land from the Sherburne road to the village brook, which runs where the railroad goes today, and from Chestnut Hill avenue. They had five houses built and occupied before 1700, three of which were standing fifty years ago.

The only other house, on the Boylston street section of the ancient road, was the original homestead of the Boylston family which has furnished so many citizens to our town. The ancestor, Thomas Boylston, came from Watertown; and, marrying Mary Gardiner, he settled on the land of his father-in-law. There were twelve children of this marriage, many of whom became noted. Susanna married John Adams of Braintree, and became the mother of our second president. A son, Zabdiel, made himself famous, both in Europe and America, by his introduction of inoculation for the smallpox. Another son, Peter, inherited the paternal homestead.

The land on the other side of the road—the site of the present reservoir—was a swamp, and remained uncultivated. All of Brookline south of Heath street, from Warren street to the western boundary, was a tangled mass of forest and swamp. Throughout this great wilderness there was no farm-house or settlement, nor even a path or by-way. It was, however, a great place for wild animals. Not only were all the smaller, fur-bearing animals to be found in abundance, but even deer were to be had. Bears, in 1700, were fairly common in this town, and the terror of all the inhabitants.

The north side of the road was no more thickly populated. From the Gardiners' houses to the settlements on Washington street, there was no sign of human habitation. This territory, however, must have been much more picturesque, as it included Fisher and Aspinwall Hills and the lovely meadows northwest of their summits.

Above Boylston street there were about five houses, but, although built by different men, they were all in the hands of a certain Benjamin White, at this time.

Returning to the center of the town (the present Unitarian church was the center of population) we find the present Warren street represented by a small lane. This led to three houses. One owned by Thomas Buckminister was situated opposite the Sargent estate, another, owned by a Winchester, was opposite the place where Cottage street enters Warren, and the third was at the corner of Dudley and Warren streets. The territory east of Warren street was known as the "huckleberry pasture," and, even as early as this time, many berries were annually picked there for the Boston markets.

The next large thoroughfare which was built in Brookline was Harvard street, then known as "the road to Cambridge."

The land between Boylston and Washington streets, which fronted on Harvard Square, was kept a green meadow by the brook. All this great lot of land, which extended also east to Muddy River and west to Cypress street, was the property of Rev. John Cotton, second minister to Boston. He unquestionably built the ancient house which used to stand on Harvard street, at the corner of Kent. Cotton, at some early date, sold all his property to Ebenezer Davis, and went into the wilds of Connecticut. The Davis family occupied the house until the present century.

It has always seemed strange to me that so few houses were to be found in that part of the town that is today our most populous section. The left-hand side of Harvard street from the village to School street was lower than it is today, with high banks covered with barberry bushes and wild roses. On the right, the ground sloped downward, and a stone wall extended from the Square to Aspinwall avenue. The ground was covered with a second-growth, cotton-wood trees and blackberry bushes.

Aspinwall avenue was then a lane to the old Aspinwall house, with a gate at its junction with Harvard street. On the left ran the brook, which crossed Harvard street and after making a sweeping curve, passed under the lane about where Brook street enters it now. This brook made all the land, south of Aspinwall avenue and beyond where Brook street is now, a swamp.

Just beyond a great elm, an ancient house used to stand, shadowed by a still larger tree. This was the famous house of Peter Aspinwall, which was built in 1660. In 1700 it was the property of his son, Samuel. The Aspinwalls held the land on all sides of their house, for a great distance. This territory, especially to the north, was heavily wooded, and some of the finest trees in Brookline are to be seen there today.

On the opposite side of Harvard street was another by-way, now known as School street. The lane was very narrow, with deep, black mud, while on each side were high banks with stone walls on top, the whole being covered with barberry bushes.

An ancient schoolhouse was the only building on this street. It was the only school in Brookline when it was part of Boston, and in-

deed, it was the first schoolhouse ever built in Brookline. It is described as standing on the south corner of Harvard street. It was a low, square, hip-roofed building; and it disappeared soon after the beginning of the present century. The interior was very rude and primitive in construction. An alley, or passageway, ran through the center, and the seats were arranged on either side, as a street car is arranged today; a long plank served the purpose of a desk. The only books used were the Bible, the Psalter, a spelling-book, and an arithmetic. The teacher's desk was placed at one end, while in a distant corner was a large fire-place. This building was considered a most luxurious structure when it was built; which only goes to show how times have changed since.

The only other house on the "road to Cambridge," that we find this side of Beacon street, was on the original Sharp estate. This ancient edifice stood near the corner of Harvard and Auburn streets and was built in 1663, the builder, Robert Sharp, being a great friend of Peter Aspinwall. The house was owned in 1700 by the grandson of the founder.

All the territory that we today call Longwood was the property of Chief Justice Sewall. It extended from the Aspinwall grant to Pleasant street, and from Charles River Bay to Harvard street. The Sewalls built no houses, and the territory was uncultivated at this time.

Near Hall's Pond, on the present estate of Mr. William Amory, there was, at this time, an Indian stronghold. The hill where Mr. Amory has his house was the only high ground in the vicinity, and upon it the red men had built a fort, the ruins of which were there in 1700. It is said to have been the gathering place of the "ten Sagamores and many Indians," which so startled Governor Winthrop.

The fort occupied one-eighth of an acre, and was square, with palisades three feet high, and had also a ditch. There was a gate on each side, and the stronghold seems, from all accounts, to have been a place of some importance among the savages. Just east of this fort was a great marsh filled with quicksand and known as the Cedar Swamp.

The next dweller on the "old Cambridge road" was named John Devotion, and was one of the signers of the famous petition which gained for us our separation from Boston. His house stood near the

corner of Babcock street. Another petitioner, named Winchester, occupied the next house, which was situated nearly opposite the former dwelling. The Winchesters are especially interesting to us, since they owned all the land north of Beacon and west of Harvard streets, including "great hill," as they called Corey Hill in those days. The Winchester house was the last of importance on Harvard street; so we will return to the village again. Washington street, the third and last of the ancient highways, was known as the "road to Brighton." It seems to have been the most modern of the three, as regards dwelling houses; for, in 1700, there was not a single house on this long thoroughfare. To be sure, several were built early in the new century, but they were not the houses of pioneers. The country bordering the "road to Brighton" must have been exceedingly attractive, with its wooded hills and meadows. Just north of Park street, the brook, which we observed flowing behind the Aspinwall house, had its source. This brook made all the land, along the right-hand side of Washington street from Park to Beacon, an extensive swamp.

It is difficult for us to imagine what our town was like in 1700. Brookline, now the richest town in the United States, was then noted for its poverty. Now Brookline is often called the "bed-room of Boston"; then, the journey over the one road to the city was considered so long and tiresome that it was seldom made by the inhabitants of Muddy River. '97.

THE EDITOR'S DREAM

THE editor sat at his desk, resting his aching head upon his hand. How changed he was from the happy, healthy young man of a year ago! Under his eyes were dark circles, his face was thin, his expression sad, his hair prematurely gray. Every day of the past week had been spent in search for material for the next number of the paper; every evening in copying and composing. The news was scarce, the literary lights had vanished, the editorial board was unmanageable, the printer was exasperating. In despair, he had fled to the contribution box and examined its contents. His search was rewarded by the discovery of a collar button, a fourth class essay on

"How I like the High School," an exercise, number 12, Chardinal "To be re-written," a senior essay with red ink illuminations, and a romantic story entitled, " 'Tis Better to have Loved and Lost than Never to have Loved at all." These valuable articles were now reposing in the waste paper basket; and the editor, like Juliet, leaned his cheek upon his hand. A mighty sigh escaped from his troubled breast and the despairing editor cried out in agony, "Give me back my childhood days, free from care and sorrow. Woe be to the hour when I took upon me this onerous burden. My kingdom for a news note!" Then for a long time he sat waiting for Dame Gossip, or one of the Muses, to come to his aid, but at last his weary eyes closed and gentle sleep came to soothe his tired spirit.

He seemed to be seated in his editorial office at the school; a confused din came to his ears, a multitude thronged the corridor outside the door. The floor of the office was covered with manuscript, news notes, locals, stories, poems, editorials, enough to fill twenty numbers of the wearysome paper greeted his delighted eye. Still the multitude came pressing on, bringing contributions without stint. The pile of manuscript increased, rising to his knees, then to his waist, and finally to his neck. With a cry of terror, he started for the door; but in vain he struggled to oppose the threatening contributions. He could no longer hold his head above the inky sheets. With horror he felt himself sinking. To struggle he knew was useless. With the last effort of despair, he uttered a heart-rending shriek, "Help, I am drowning"—and awoke.

The hair on the mighty editor's forehead was damp, his thin frame was limp, but with a sigh of relief, he seized his pen with renewed strength and fell to work with renewed vigor. And now when the editorial board is unmanageable and the manuscript scarce, when the editor is about to despair, there rises before his eyes the vision of a sea of manuscript, of a multitude of contributors, of a struggling editor; then a feeling comes to him that life is still worth living and that there might be a worse situation than the present one—a worse spectacle than that of an editor, whose existence is made miserable by the responsibility of a school paper. He has always known that enough is as good as a feast; but now he is sure that too little is more endurable than too much of a good thing. '03.

"PRIMA AB ORIGINE"

WHEN Spring arrives, teeming with its myriad forms of life, surely some of us must be prompted to ask ourselves the question: Whence came all these plants and animals? How did they originate? What was the initial cause of their beginning and subsequent development? These are questions of vital interest to every human being upon this earth. Let us seek an answer.

If a drop of stagnant water be examined under the microscope, there is certain to be found a minute bit of animal life of apparently no form or structure. Imagine a jelly-fish, which has been wasting away a little while on the beach, reduced to microscopic dimensions, and you will have some idea of the appearance of the *Amœba*. This little animal has no mouth, no eyes, ears, or nose, and practically no sensations; and yet it continues to live and to propagate its race. This *Amœba*, as it is called, is, apart from its low position in the scale of existence, one of the most noteworthy forms of life, for from it the animal world is supposed to have sprung.

There is in standing water, another animalcule just as interesting as the *Amœba*. It is slipper-shaped, soft, and jelly-like; but it differs from the *Amœba* in a very important respect, for it contains a small drop of the coloring matter that makes the leaves and the grass green. This creature, which is called the *Euglena*, is believed to be the simplest member of the vegetable world. We have, then, these two minute forms of life, the *Amœba* and the *Euglena*, which are the initial sources of the two great kingdoms of animated nature. But how did the rest of the world spring from these lowly organisms?

By observation and experiment it has been ascertained that life in Nature generally tends towards advancement rather than retrogression. With this fact fixed in mind, we can easily see that the *Amœba* and the *Euglena*, under the conditions existing, inclined towards the road to greater perfection. For instance, supposing the *Amœba* could live more easily if provided with an acute sense of touch; then it would follow that those individuals which were best equipped in this particular, would have the greater chance of surviving; while the rest would perish. Each succeeding generation would, therefore, be more specialized than the last. In this

manner there orginated from the *Amœba* other forms of animal life, and from the *Euglena* higher types of plant life. All primitive life dwelt in the water only. At certain points along the line of this development important divisions took place. From the *Amœba* originated the aquatic worms. Then a shoot from the main stem arose, and the progenitor of the fish came into being. These two branches continued for centuries, until Nature again resorted to division. The ancestral fish gave off a shoot that was destined later on to give rise to terrestrial animals; and from the worm came certain creatures from which all the insects have descended. The race derived from the fish was most important to us, for from it came the great reptiles of geological antiquity. The birds on one side, and the mammals on the other, sprung from these monsters of the Past. Finally, there arose the rodents, the beasts of prey, and—MAN.

Thus man came from the lower animals, even from the very lowest, the *Amœba*, a minute drop of living jelly. And is this fact so horrible, so sacrilegious? Does man's having evolved from the monkey, nay more, from a bit of protoplasm, injure his spiritual character? Is the sublime achievement of the sculptor's infinite time and labor made any the less grand because it has been wrought from the rough block rent from the quarry? Is not the statue rather ennobled by the fact of its progress from the shapeless mass to the ultimate beauty of perfection? Assuredly so. The case is exactly the same with man. As the sculptor, with the chisel, consummated his masterpiece from the crude rock, so God, with Nature for His tool, has fashioned man from the *Amœba*; but, whereas the mortal artist has completed his work, the labor of the Immortal is still in process. Such is the work of *evolution*. F. H. L., 1903.

CUPID IN A GASOLENE CAN

CHUG-a-chug-a-chug. A-chug-a-chug-a-chug— ah-chug-g —ah — chug———chug.

"What the dickens is the matter with your automobile, Sylvester?" cried Burton.

Sylvester leaped to the ground and anxiously began to peer about the inner mechanism of the machine. At length he replied in a tone of great satisfaction, "No, it's all right; nothing's broken."

"Then get in and let's start her up again. It's getting late and we've a good thirty miles yet before we reach home," warned Ned Wilbur.

"Oh—ah—yes," replied the owner of the auto, pensively, "There's nothing broken—but—we've run out of gasolene."

"Out of gasolene!" shrieked the unhappy Wilbur, "and no sign of a house within five miles in this deserted country! and over thirty miles from home," and he collapsed utterly.

Sylvester and Burton began to laugh.

Now just at this opportune moment down the shady country road behind them, came a fetching young lady in a natty dog-cart with a poodle occupying the seat beside her. And perforce the polite young gentlemen had to apologize for forcing her out of the road, and naturally the young lady out of the over-welling sympathy of her tender young heart (I might say, in parenthesis that Sylvester is a mighty stunning chap) asked if she could be of any assistance; but as the pony really didn't look strong enough to pull the disabled auto home, the young gentlemen courteously assured her she could not; the young lady regretted the fact and drove on.

When she was some way down the road, Sylvester suddenly exclaimed, "Well, of all smirking nincompoops we are the limit! If she really wanted to do something, why didn't we let her send someone back with some gasolene? Say!—er—Madam!"

The dog cart was too far away.

"Madam!!"

In vain.

"Ma-a-a-dam!!!"

"Try again," murmured Burton, choking with laughter.

But Sylvester was off, shooting down the road, enveloped in nebulous clouds of whitish powder, and with his long dust coat flapping along behind.

Suddenly the dog-cart stopped. Sylvester came up with it.

Burton and Ned saw him in the distance smile and bow, and then the young lady smile and bow, and then, to their consternation, they saw Sylvester step into the dog-cart and whirl off with never a backward look.

Up a long hill they drove and over the crest, down out of sight. The horizon suddenly seemed to turn green, and a thick blue haze settled down on the landscape.

. . . . . .

The shades of evening were falling fast as up the road came the dog-cart. The fair unknown was driving, and Sylvester, with a smile of seraphic bliss, was *holding the poodle.*

Sylvester descended from the dog-cart and lifted out a huge can of gasolene. The charming lady-errant slapped the reins over the pony, only pausing to murmur confidentially to Sylvester, "Now don't you forget *next Wednesday.*"

I regret to say that this promising romance is still uncompleted; but, in my opinion, much is to be hoped from its beginning.

G. K., 1904.

THE JOYS OF TROUT FISHING

AT this time of the year, fishermen are overhauling their fishing kit, for the appearance of spring turns their minds to some hurrying trout brook with shady alders arched above it, or to a quiet river wandering through fields and woods. The rods and reels need varnishing and oiling and the lines and flies must be tested lest some large fish make away with a mouthful of tackle.

At last the angler is ready for business and some fine morning finds him clad in rubber waders and gray suit, ready for the gamy little trout which hide under the bank, ready to rise to the gay flies or a tempting worm cast by the fisherman upon the cool, sparkling waters. If our angler is lucky, he will have a number of speckled beauties in his reel before night; but he will take home with him something more lasting than trout. The memory of the beauty of nature is still clear in his mind; the music of the stream is still singing in his ear; and he sees the brook as it flows, now through woods sweet with the music of birds and the fragrance of spring flowers, now wandering through green pastures, now making a small waterfall and at last emptying into a small lake, across which are borne cool breezes, causing our angler to glance at the sky where he sees a small V-shaped wedge telling that geese are on their northward journey.

It is true the angler tripped and got wet while wading in the stream; the overhanging branches scratched his face and caught his tackle; some fish got away, the biggest of course,—but what cared he? Nature offered many compensations, and our tired and wet angler has made them all his own; as he follows his path homeward, all that he would ask for would be to start out again after a good supper and a night's rest. '04.

HUNTING IN THE MAINE WOODS

TWO happier boys never lived than Harry and his brother Don as they took their seats in the Pullman for the Maine wilderness on the first day of their Thanksgiving vacation. For two years their father had promised them that they should go to his brother's camp at Dismal Lake and spend a few days still hunting deer, but every year something had prevented their going. At last, however, the longed-for day had come; they had really started for the happy hunting grounds of the north. The train pulled slowly out of the station with the two young deer hunters aboard, surrounded by their suit cases and rifles. About nine o'clock in the evening they arrived at their destination. Ben Stevens met them at the station, and after shaking them heartily by the hand led them to his two-horse sleigh which was to take them to his camp, a distance of eighteen miles.

It was two cold, hungry boys who arrived at Dismal Lake that night, but it was two happy ones. Everything was so strange and still, the dark woods on every side hiding they knew not what; the moon-lit lake in front shimmering and silently lapping the shores; all served to increase and deepen the mystery. The two brothers, however, were too tired to take much account of these things, and immedately after a good supper they turned in.

Early the following morning they were up and making preparations for their first day's deer hunt. It was arranged that Harry should go with his uncle Ben, while Don was to be accompanied by a half-breed guide, named Joe. Joe and Don were the first to leave camp. They started in a northerly direction, heading towards a distant ridge where Joe had said "deer much plenty." They had not

traveled far when they saw the track of a large buck winding in and out about the "blow-downs" and stumps. Now the real hunter's caution came into play. Joe took the lead and cautiously stole along on the trail of the deer, followed by Don in a high state of nervous excitement. The buck was walking slowly, and consequently it was not long before the hunters came in sight of him. Don was for firing at once, but Joe's cautioning "sch" warned him that the time had not come. After another hundred yards had been quietly passed, Joe gave the signal to shoot. Instantly Don raised his rifle and fired, the deer wheeled, "blew," and then with flag up darted off into the forest.

"I don't see how I missed him," exclaimed Don in a trembling voice, at the same time running forward to where the deer had stood and eagerly scanning the snow and bushes to see whether he had drawn blood. To his great disappointment, although they followed the trail for some distance, no blood was visible. As it was of no use to follow the deer further, they decided to return to camp. At the cabin they found Uncle Ben, who had a dismal story to relate. It seems that he and Harry had gone over a near-by ridge and down into a thick cedar swamp where deer signs were plentiful. They had taken a fresh track and followed it across the swamp, around the base of a mountain and then into another swamp much larger than the first; here they had "jumped" the deer, which had gone before they had come within sight of him. As it was getting late and snow had begun to fall, Uncle Ben had told Harry to wait where he was while he (Uncle Ben) made a circle to see if there were any fresh tracks leading towards the camp. When he returned Harry was gone. By this time snow was falling fast, so thick, indeed, that Harry's tracks were even now nearly obliterated. Uncle Ben, however, had followed them until entirely invisible. He had then fired two or three times, but hearing no answering shots, had hurried to camp to break the news.

Nothing could be done now that it had become dark except to shoot occasionally. At midnight, although the snow had ceased to fall, the darkness remained as deep as before. As soon as it was light enough to see, the trio set out in search of the missing boy, but seek as they might for his tracks, they could not be found, and at last the fearful searchers set out on their return for camp. What was their

surprise and delight then at their arrival to find a fire blazing and Harry busily engaged in drying his socks and trousers.

After the first joyful greetings and questions Harry told his story. He had stood as his uncle had directed and waited for his return, but suddenly a movement in the undergrowth a short distance from him had attracted his attention, and looking more closely he had detected a deer stealing noiselessly along. All thoughts of prudence and his uncle's commands were immediately forgotten; he quickly walked forward, expecting every moment to see the deer again. This had continued for some time until the gathering darkness and heavy fall of snow warned him that it was time to go back. He retraced his steps until his back tracks were no longer visible. All sense of direction had left him. He was lost; with this thought came fear and utter inability to think. He had wandered all night aimlessly about, now falling over some rock or root, now finding himself staring wildly through black, silent woods. When daylight came he had seated himself, half dead, upon a log to rest and to try to collect himself. He remained at this place until the sun was well above the horizon, and then feeling rested and less excited he faced the sun and started. He thought he had travelled about three hours, when, seeing an opening among the trees, he had run toward it and found himself upon the shore of Dismal Lake, directly opposite the camp. At the conclusion of Harry's story the deer hunters turned in, much happier than they had turned out.

The following day dawned clear and cold, and as this was their last hunting day an early start was made. Harry went with Joe, while Don and his uncle went together. At noon Harry and Joe returned, carrying the skin of a remarkably large coon which Harry had shot. Shortly after Don and Uncle Ben walked in, carrying a deer head, and a beauty. Don had shot him soon after leaving camp in the morning.

That evening around the open fireplace there were at least two happy hunters, if not more, and although Harry had not shot his deer, he showed no less joyful a face than his brother. Early the next morning Uncle Ben drove them back to the station just in time for the early train, and at the cry of "all aboard" Harry and Don realized that their first deer hunt in Maine was ended.

W. T. H., '03.

THE SCHOOL CHORUS

Half a bar, half a bar,
  Half a bar onward!
Into an awful ditch,
Chorus and leader hitch,
Into a nest of Pitch,
  They led the "Creation."
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
  Bellowed and thundered.
O how that leader looked,
When the Sopranos took
Their own time and hook,
  From the Creation.
Screeched all the Trebles there
Boggled the Tenors here,
Raising the Leader's hair,
  While his mind wandered;
Theirs not to reason why—
That song was pitched too high;
Theirs but to gasp and cry
  Out the Creation.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
  Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shot and yell,
Not wise they sang nor well,
Drowning the Master's bell,
  While all the school wondered.
Dire the Leader's glare,
Flashed his baton in air,
Sounding fresh keys to bear
  But the Creation.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his book from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
  Himself he sundered.
Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discord behind him,
  Bellowed and thundered.
O! the wild howls they wrought;
Right to the end they fought;
Some tune they sang — but not,
  Not the Creation.

K. B. W., '03.

With all apologies to Tennyson.

THE SAGAMORE

Published monthly throughout the school year from November to June inclusive, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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EDITORIALS

ANOTHER teacher has recently been added to the number at the Brookline High,—Miss Elsie Maude Sites, who has been teaching at the High School, Middletown, Connecticut. She is a graduate of Wellesley, is the daughter of an American missionary, and was born in China. She has studied abroad and speaks Chinese as well as French and German. We are glad to welcome her into our school.

THE CLASS BALL GAMES

The members of the Brookline High School are united as a school, rather than as classes; for it is school spirit, not class spirit which most often fills our hearts. No one can censure this loyalty to our alma mater. Far from it. Loyalty is one of the school-boy's most admirable qualities. But there are times when we regard ourselves as members of our respective classes rather than as members of the B. H. S. We refer to the class baseball games. The subject is a most timely one, for the league games will soon be over and it will be time for the nines of '03, '04, '05 and '06 to battle for class supremacy upon the diamond. Let us hope that this battle will be fought to a finish; not half completed, as was the case last year. The class games of 1902 were unsatisfactory to every one, and no wonder. The all-important question of who won the class championship was never decided. The class of '04, it is true, had the greatest number of victories to her credit, but, like the other teams, she did not play all the games she should have played. Whether the neglect to do this was caused by the hot weather, by zealous cramming for the final exams, or by pure laziness, no one can tell; but at all events the series of class games was never completed. Such an outcome of an event which, if it does not, certainly ought to awaken some enthusiasm in us, is most disappointing. Some years ago a cup was offered as a prize for the winner of the class baseball championship. Last year no championship was decided and no class numerals were engraved upon the trophy for the year 1902. It is of little use for us now to try to disentangle the snarl in which the class baseball championship was wound up last year. "Let by-gones be by-gones."

The best thing that we can do now is to see that last year's events do not occur again in 1903. We suggest that a schedule of the games for this year be made out and posted on the bulletin board some time before the games are to be played. Then everybody will know who plays whom and when the games are to come off. By this scheme all uncertainty as to the date and time of a game would be eliminated. We should not have teams of five or six fellows come to try to play ball; but we should have two complete nines, good, snappy playing, and plenty of enthusiasm—three things which are absolutely essential to real baseball.

ATHLETICS

THE baseball team has been having out-of-door practice for several weeks now, and it looks as if Captain Delano would be able to turn out a very good team. Cook, Dexter, Lincoln, and Kerrigan of last year's team are playing again this year. It first looked as if we were not going to have any pitcher, but just now Lincoln and Cook are both playing well at that position. If the school will only give good support to the team, we have as good a chance for the league as any of them. Brookline started the season well by defeating Roxbury Latin 14-7. This game was played on the Brookline Common, April 10th. Our team played very well for the first game. Dexter is playing his usual game of ball.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
B. H. S.	2	0	3	3	3	0	1	2	0	—14
Roxbury Latin . . .	0	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	— 7

Our team was also a winner in the second game, which was played with Mechanics' Arts High, April 13th. The score was 19-9. This was not nearly so good a game as the one played with Roxbury Latin, although our team showed up very well at times, particularly in batting.

Brookline.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e
Dexter, 3. . . .	6	3	2	0	1
O'Loughlin, l.f. .	3	0	0	0	0
Cook, p., 2. . . .	6	1	1	1	1
Delano, 1	6	1	6	0	0
Kerrigan, s. . . .	6	3	4	0	0
Lincoln, p., 2. . .	5	0	4	2	0
Carlisle, c. . . .	2	1	4	1	0
Brackett, c. . . .	2	0	2	0	0
Grimes, c.f. . . .	6	1	2	0	0
Bartlett, r.f. . .	3	0	2	0	0
Miller, r.f. . . .	3	1	0	1	0
Marshall, l.f. . .	3	0	0	0	0
Totals	52	11	27	5	2

Mechanics' Arts.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Winchester, c. .	5	2	9	1	0
Tracey, s. . . .	5	4	1	1	1
Flynn, r.f. . . .	5	2	1	0	1
Strobel, 3. . . .	5	3	4	3	2
H'terhand, l.f. .	5	1	4	1	1
Bjorkl'and, c.f. .	5	2	0	0	0
Weins, r.f. . . .	5	1	2	0	0
Clarey, 2.	5	0	2	1	1
Wray, p.	5	1	0	2	0
Hale, c.	1	0	1	0	0
Totals	46	16	24	9	6

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
B. H. S.	4	1	2	3	0	0	3	6	0	—19
M. A. H. S.	4	2	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	— 9

April 20th, Brookline played her third game of the season with Cambridge High School on the Brookline Common. The result of this game was a victory for Cambridge, 15-11. Both teams played poorly in the first inning but improved much as the game went on.

EXCHANGE COLUMN

Several new exchanges are welcome this month, but we miss some old ones. The Sagamore receives compliments from the Cricket, the Oracle and the Phi-Rhonan. These are among our best contemporaries and it gives us great pleasure to be thought highly of by them. The Pingry Record has the best cover we have seen, the Karux has a new lot of jokes, and the Newton High School Review is well printed. The So-and-So begs leave to advise that the Sagamore get into a better dress. This is not a bad suggestion.

BASKET-BALL

The dainty girls in shirt waists light,
With stocks and collars neat and white,
Ten minutes with the leather ball—
And what a change comes over all!

Here side combs thickly strew the ground,
There on her knees a girl is found,
Collars are dropped, and cuffs turned back,
Faces are red, but hands are black.

Laughter bursts forth from both bold teams,
And hairpins fall in steady streams,
While from all sides is heard the prayer,
"Just wait until I fix my hair."

For those students who are acquainted with Vergil:—

DIDO.

There was a young queen they called Dido,
She wept and she wailed and she sighed-o;
For Aeneas the fair—
Of the bright, golden hair—
Would not in her kingdom abide-o.

"Oh, loved one, stay here at my side, oh!"
She urged and entreated and cried-o,
'Twas of no avail,—
Aeneas set sail,
And so poor Queen Dido—just died-o!

A famous wit is said to have remarked that life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is a "lie," and half of it is an "if."

When we see that some one gambles,
"He is wicked!" we all say;
But the lamb without our protest
Gambols all the livelong day!

At last a means to prevent seasickness!

Weary passenger (returning from the rail)—"How do you manage to keep your meals down?"

Cheerful passenger—"Bolt them."

AN EPITAPH FOR LATIN.

All the people dead who wrote it,
All the people dead who spoke it,
All the people dead who learnt it,
Blessed death, they surely earnt it.

"Does your barber talk much?"

"Yes, and he illustrates his stories with cuts."

One girl—"Lucille told me that you told her that thing I told you not to tell her."

Other girl—"She is a mean thing ; I told her not to tell you I told her."

One girl—"Well, I told her that I would not tell you she told me. So don't tell her."

NEWS NOTES

1902. Arthur Christensen has been chosen to play on the Harvard Lacrosse team.

1902. The engagement of Miss Helen Gooding to Mr. Daniel Ashton Rollins has recently been announced.

1901. The engagement of Miss Elizabeth Lord to Mr. Daniel Kennedy has been announced.

1898. Miss Hazel Lombard and Mr. Howard Singleton Nymen, Jr., were recently married.

1896-5. On Easter Sunday, April the 12th, the engagement of Miss Helen Parker to Mr. Joseph Ambrose Hall was announced.

Which one of our graduates will be the next?

Harold Tomlin has returned to school after his recent illness.

With the coming of spring, we again see the girls taking part in the exciting game of hockey. To an onlooker the game seems to consist of frequent blows of the hockey stick upon the ground or upon some girl's head, of repeated shrieks and laughter, while the ball lies untouched upon the ground. Appearances are deceitful, however, for hockey is really a very scientific game and the girls do hit the ball once in a while, even if it appears otherwise.

The number of Seniors in the III German class is slowly diminishing. Can't they keep up with the Sophomores?

It is a shame that the spring recess at college comes at a different time from our holidays, but then it gives the old graduates a chance to visit their old school, to renew their childhood days, to listen to the recitations with a knowing air, and to look down from their dignified position upon the little children of the B. H. S. Cheer up babes, some time you will be big graduates, too!

The girls of Room 20 have hitherto been obliged to go across the hall to see if their hats were on straight, but now, after months of pleading, they have succeeded in persuading Mr. Cook that a mirror is most necessary in a girl's dressing room, and so now these girls of (20) have the much desired article. Vanity, thy name is woman!

Babcock of Class III has a rival in both brains and brawn in Duncan of the Fourth class.

Wanted: News notes of any kind; engagements, weddings, accidents or plans. Won't some one oblige us?

Any one interested in art need not climb the stairs to the art room. Just look at some of the charming pictures which decorate the inside of the desks in Room 20.

Mr. Case is evidently fond of playing ball, as he could not resist the temptation to join a game in the lower corridor lately.

1903. Hortense Colby has returned from a trip south.

Behold the spring millinery!

What will the pupils of the B. H. S. do next year when the beaming faces of the class of 1903 are no longer to be seen about the building?

MUSIC AS ADVERTISED

(*From the Harvard Lampoon.*)

"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," with illuminated cover.
"Trust Her Not," . . . . . for fifty cents.
"I Would Not Live Always," . . without an accompaniment.
"See the Conquering Hero Comes," . . with full orchestra.
"When the Sun Shall Set No More," . . . . in C.
"There was a Little Fisher Maiden," . . . in three parts.
"The Tale of the Sword Fish," . . . with many scales.
"After the Ball," . . . . . for second base.
"Home, Sweet Home," . . . . . in one flat.
"Our Director," . . . . . published at thirty cents.

LOCALS

Heard in III French:

"Nothing could keep Bettina from throwing herself on the plates and knives and forks."

"The two young women both wore the same traveling costume." N. B. They must have been the Siamese twins.

The III German class smiled audibly when Winchester was asked to conjugate the present tense of "schlafen." Wonder why!

In III German recently the heroine of a story is said to have performed some wonderful feats; "she threw up her head and cast her eyes about the room."

Mr. Sanford, upon asking a member of II History where the Erie Canal was, received the reply: "Between Albany and Boston."

A member of Class IV is said to be maintaining his standing wonderfully. He has been at the foot for the last three months.

Have you seen the *Sites?*

In Shailer Hall the other day, the voices of the tenors rose on high, drowning sopranos, basses and altos. "Has any one a good sharp knife?" asked Mr. Cole.

Visitor—"Look at the face on Bridget. What is she doing?"
Mistress—"Oh, just trying one of her new wrinkles."—(Ex.

Student—"Don't you think the chalk cliffs of England are picturesque?"
Father—"My boy, that's only a bluff."—(Ex.

He—"Do you like baseball?"
She—"Er, well, I like the players."

Manager—"I want you to appear in two parts in my new play."
Actor—"That's particularly easy for me just now."
Manager—"Why?"
Actor—"Well you see, I'm broke."—(Ex.

Astronomer—"Can you suggest a suitable inscription for my new telescope?"
Drinker—"Sure, how would, 'Here's looking at you' do?"—(Ex.

"Did the murderer keep cool when he went to the block?"
"No, he lost his head entirely."—(Ex.

"What's the trouble, Dumhead?"
Dumhead—"Somehow or other the more debts I contract, the more they expand."—(*Princeton Tiger.*

One night a bullfrog croaked and I
  Went out as mad as I could be,
Quite bound that he should have to die
  For making all that noise, you see.
Five times with all my might I soaked
  That bullfrog—when he up and croaked.
—(*Cornell Widow.*

A RONDEL.

(Toast to the Class of Nineteen-Three.)

Here's a health and a life of joy
To the class of 1903!
Here's pleasure without alloy
And a bright career, care-free!

Here's success to each girl and boy
On the verge of life's surging sea!
Here's a health and a life of joy
To the class of 1903!

Here's a hope of a noble employ
And the fame that we now foresee!
Nought can our faith destroy
That all these things shall be;
Here's a health and a life of joy
To the class of 1903.

R. S. R.

At 8 p. m. Pa and Ma
Helped entertain with Sis,
Both John and May in distant seats
Were far apart like this.

At 9 p. m. as Pa withdrew,
And sought his room up-stairs,
The lovers found some photographs
And nearer drew their chairs.

At 10 p. m. Mamma did leave
And then, ye gods, what bliss,
These lovers sat till nearly twelve
Aboutascloseasthis.

I met a goat and said to him,
"This question pray excuse,
But why do you always wag your chin?"
Quoth he, "Because I chews."

There was an old man from a Shire,
Whose name was Barnaby Hackett,
He set his new frock coat on fire
So as to have a smoking jacket.

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June 1, 1900.

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Original member Brookline Baptist Church, June 5, 1828.
Deacon, 1863.
Born Brookline, Dec. 8, 1806. Died Jan. 1, 1875.

HENRY G. SEAVERNS.

Member Brookline Baptist Church, May, 1858
Born Brookline, July 22, 1839.
Died March 17, 1895.

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

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THE CLASS OF 1903

THIS is not intended to be an accurate history of the class of 1903, but the main events of our High School career are here recorded.

Our class entered the High School in the fall of 1899. At that time there were one hundred and forty-one members; now there are about forty of the original members and ten others who have since joined us.

We were not so much impressed by our surroundings as many other fourth classes,—perhaps our feeling of superiority was due to the fact that some of us had been attending the classes of the PierceGrammar School, at that time quartered in rooms twelve and thirteen.

The first year was rather hard for teachers and pupils, but particularly for the latter; for all the students had two French teachers, one for grammar and the other for conversation, and the mathematics classes were so arranged that some of us had the laws of algebra expounded to us by three different pedagogues during the course of the year.

At our first class meeting, the following officers were elected: Charles Floyd, president; Helen Eglee, vice-president; Alice Powers, secretary; and Geoffrey Bartlett, treasurer. Floyd has remained president of our class.

A great many pupils left us that year, but we were joined by Hortense Colby and Lemira French.

One of the first enterprises which our class went into was newspaper publishing. A few of the more energetic members of the class succeeded in bringing out a leaflet called the Gnome. This paper was run on entirely different principles from The Sagamore, and

many of us thought that it would be far superior to that paper. The first edition which came out, hectographed on punched paper, sold for a cent a copy, and yielded a few pennies to the publishers, but it was generally admitted that its style was too personal. The second edition was of a critical style, which made a reader feel as if he were perusing the Literary Digest. This number was followed by one or two more, and then nothing more was heard of the Gnome.

We had no gymnastics until Mr. Schmidt came in October. His coming marked a new era for gymnastics in the High School, and it may be mentioned here that the class of 1903 is the first that has received a full course under his careful supervision.

In February, 1900, Mlle. Gerlach left us, and Mr. Brooks came to teach us French and German. The classes were now arranged so that we had all our French with one teacher. This arrangement was much more satisfactory all around.

That year the class was represented in football by Frank Wodell. George Delano played on the baseball team, and W. K. Smith was substitute pitcher. The school joined the rowing league that year, and we were proud to have Joseph Barndollar and Beno James members of the crew.

The year passed very quickly for most of us, and before we realized it, we were no longer fourth class scholars, but haughty Sophomores.

On our return in September we were sorry to find that many of the brightest members had left our ranks, but we were joined by Thomas McNally, Jerome Heilborn, and R. K. Tomlin. We also found several changes in the faculty—Mrs. Norton, Miss Wellman, and Mr. Place were succeeded by Dr. Roberts, Miss Smith, and Mr. Snow. Mr. Nissen also came in September. Two months later, Mr. Wilson left us, and was succeeded by Mr. Driscoe, who was afterwards followed by Mr. Case.

We lost from our class that year Elise Cunningham, Christine Finn, Ora Nordell, Leonard Macomber, W. T. Glidden, Jr., and others, but we welcomed Leonard Pritchett and Walter Hoover.

The class officers for that year were Charles Floyd, president; Alice Powers, vice-president; Margaret Blodgett, secretary; and Dunbar Dexter, treasurer.

The class took an active part in athletics during our Sophomore year. Delano, Thompson, Floyd, Shine, and Cronin were on the

football team, and Delano, W. K. Smith, and Dexter played on the baseball.

We had all looked forward to the dreaded declamation, and some of us had even begun to study over pieces when it was decided by the School Board to give up entirely the subject of declamation in the High School.

We gave our first public day in January, 1901. The main feature of the programme was an exhibition of gymnastics by the boys under Mr. Schmidt.

After the mid-year examinations we passed a rather uneventful five months, and finally found ourselves at the beginning of June with the merry summer vacation in sight.

We were now Juniors, beginning the second half of our High School career. No class in a school needs so much urging by the teachers as does this class, especially if there are many members who are contemplating preliminary examinations. Thus it was with us. Most of the papers handed back had little references to the examinations written on them in staring red ink.

We were sorry to lose Geoffrey Bartlett and Edwin Bynner in the early part of our Junior year, but we were joined by Olive Whitman and James Cook.

In December we gave our Public Day, which was in every way a success. The special feature of the performance was the Japanese fan drill given by the girls of the class.

The class officers for the third year were: Charles Floyd, president; Helen Eglee, vice-president; Marjorie Gooding, secretary; and Dunbar Dexter, treasurer.

Thompson, Delano, Floyd, Cook, Cronin, and Shine played on the football team, and Dexter, Delano, Smith, and Cook played baseball.

When the hateful mid-year examinations were over, the preliminary candidates began to work in earnest. New classes were organized which met during music periods, and often many of us came back to school in the afternoon in order to gain sufficient knowledge to be recommended.

Finally June came, and with it the preliminary examinations. The Harvard candidates took theirs within the familiar walls of the High School; the rest of us had to take ours in more foreign surroundings, but we were all more or less successful in our attempts, and felt encouraged to work hard for the finals.

In September, 1902, we began our last year in the High School. It was a great satisfaction to feel that we had completed three years of our course and were now Seniors.

We lost from our number Helen Eglee, Margaret Blodgett, Olive McMackin, Leonard Pritchett, Herbert Converse, Arthur Cronin, Eliot Farley, and Walter Hopkins. Converse is now attending the Lawrence Scientific, and Hopkins is taking a course at the Institute of Technology. We were joined by Lora Pratt, Arthur Grimes, and Emily Underwood; and Geoffrey Bartlett returned to us.

Our officers were: Charles Floyd, president; Marjorie Gooding, vice-president; Marguerite Perrin, secretary; and Dunbar Dexter, treasurer. We all regretted that Miss Perrin had to leave us in December.

The celebration of Mr. Packard's tin wedding was the first event in which the class as a whole took part. The members of the class, led by Mr. Brooks, marched from Bethany steps at 7.30 p. m., armed with tin dishpans, toy bugles, funnels, and other useful articles. We were very cordially received with our offerings, and spent a very pleasant hour with Mr. and Mrs. Packard.

The boys' annual indoor meet was held March 14th in the Town Hall. Our class won more than half the spoils. The fellows also did very well in the Field Day exercises, held May 23d.

On May 15th, the Senior Dance came off. The committee deserves the greatest credit for carrying the affair through so successfully, and we all have to thank the matrons, Mrs. Flint, Mrs. Dexter, and Mrs. Perkins, for their gracious services.

The graduation exercises on June nineteenth will be the last event in which we as a class will take part. It will be with deep regret that we say good-bye to one another, and to the teachers who have always been most patient and self-sacrificing in helping us to finish successfully our courses in the High School. D. W. A., '03.

PROPHECY FOR THE BOYS OF 1903

ONE day in the year 1920, as I was visiting my friend, Colonel Floyd, M. V. M., I was invited to a dinner, where I met some of my old classmates of 1903.

First there was Colonel Floyd, who presided. On his right sat Lieutenant-General Bartlett, the guest of the evening. These two gentlemen made up the military section of our class. Who do you suppose I recognized in the dignified, stately waiter who stood behind my chair? It was no other than dear old Stephen Wheeler, the most dignified of our class in days gone by.

In talking to Wheeler, I learned that the dinner was served under the direction of Horace Taylor, the noted epicurean. Mr. Taylor spends his leisure time in learning Bible quotations.

An orchestra of three, Allen, Archibald, and Ainsworth, the director, discoursed sweet music during the feast. The last-named gentleman has let his hair grow until his friends say that he resembles Paderewski very much. Mr. Allen and Mr. Archibald have both obtained distinction in their line of work, and we felt much honored in having their music at our dinner.

But to return to the guests. Next to General Bartlett sat Tomlin, the critic and essayist, in conversation with Richey, the head-master of the Brookline High School.

Further down the table sat Sears, the inventor of a new History of Rome which has proved of much service to many High School pupils. On my own side of the table were Heilborn and Brett, eagerly discussing a new method of filling out United States warrants of arrest. These gentlemen have been interested in the law since May, 1903.

Next to them was Quinlan, the famous English scholar, discussing some knotty point with Townsend, the mathematician. Beside me was McNally, the weather prophet, who has lately invented a new way of registering weather conditions every morning. At my right side sat Lahee, the naturalist and Latin scholar, who has just found authority for using *repulsi* for the perfect of *repello*. Mr. Lahee has also discovered a new species of microbe, which he calls the *Quericus Laheensis*. Sylvester sat next to Lahee. Mr. Sylvester originally intended to publish a dictionary of long and strange words,

but was crowded out of that business by the superior productions of Richey, who used to bewilder our class. Mr. Sylvester now manages one of Boston's leading newspapers, having obtained training for that business when he issued The Gnome in 1900.

At one end of the table Shine, Crocker, Bittenbender, and Flint, all men of leisure, as they gave promise of being when I knew them, were engaged in close conversation concerning the men's styles for next spring. Near them "Hoover the Hunter" was explaining to Cook, the original of the "Sunny Jim" ads we used to see, the working of his new rifle, by which he hoped to be able to hit his game at least once in ten shots.

Delano, the surgeon, was also intensely interested in this conversation. Mr. Delano met with so many accidents during 1902-3 that he decided that it was cheaper for him to enter the medical profession himself, and so save doctor's bills.

Tylee, in solitary dignity at one corner of the table, was thoughtfully composing a new "Tylee March." The "Tylee Marches" have completely eclipsed the Sousa Marches. Mr. Tylee was attracted to the musical profession in 1903, when he formed one of the musicians at our Field Day exercises. One of Mr. Tylee's eccentricities is that he uses a blackboard eraser in place of a regulation drum stick for his instrument, the bass-drum.

Mr. Dexter was absorbed in watching Mr. Tylee. Mr. Dexter's strong point is a new French dictionary. There are many new meanings to his words, such as "*pencher*, hang, in the sense of lean."

Thompson, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, has introduced a series of athletic events into the regular routine of that august body. Mr. Thompson was thoughtfully wondering how long it would take him to train down a new two-hundred pound member.

Grimes, the famous *chauffeur*, was discussing with Delano how to treat an ankle injured just before a ball game. Mr. Grimes contended that arnica was needed, while Dr. Delano believed that a liberal application of strong language was sufficient.

But the great surprise of the evening was when a wrinkled old man, whose white whiskers nearly concealed his face, and whose bent back betrayed his age, rose to speak. It was not until I caught sight of a well-known merry twinkle in his eyes that I could believe that this prosperous looking old gray-beard was all that was left of Mr. Brooks, our former class-room teacher. D. S. S., '03.

PROPHECY FOR THE GIRLS OF 1903

To sleep; perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub.—*Hamlet.*

Ay, there's the rub indeed; for in that sleep,
Induced by mince pie, who can tell what dreams
May come, and having come, may then affect
Our brains before they go. Yet would I tell
Of dreams, and nightmares, and strange fantasies
That have beset me since I ate that pie—
That fatal pie; and now I pray you list
Unto the tale I tell, and ever hence beware
Lest ye, too, fall into this baneful habit
Of eating too much pie. Now to the tale:

I see an old and grand ancestral hall,
And at one end a figure enters crowned
With ducal coronet, majestical.
I look again, that face I surely know!
'T is the Lemira French of long ago.
And by the duchess' side there walks upright,
And full as royally, one I knew of yore
As Marjorie G., now making England bright
As wife of our renowned ambassador.
The vision changes. Now in ancient Spain,
Where fame and fortune on an artist smiles,
Where the Alhambra's ruins long have lain,
I find the gifted painter, Marion Stiles.
Who's this, that now comes forward into view,
Surrounded by a crowd of eager men?
'Tis Katharine W., who for husbands two,
Still mourns, but does not fear to try again.
I see a prairie home, and at the door
The figure of a woman. Glad and tender
Is her smile. But would you know her?
Yes, 'tis Margaret T., that we remember.
Who's this, with spectacles upon her nose,
With all those books, and clad in cap and gown
Can it be Florence F.? Her manner shows
That she's a Physics Prof. of great renown.

Then all grows dark, and stillness reigns around
A battlefield beneath the Southern skies,
A soldier prone and bleeding on the ground,
And by his side a nurse, who gently tries
To guide this soul in comfort to his Maker.
In the mild, sweet face I see our Rita Baker.
Another Katherine W. I see;
And this one seems to be a missionary,
Spreading the light of Christianity
Where dwell the cannibal and cassowary.
Then from the theater's brilliant light
An artist of world-wide renown,
Edwina S., shines from her height—
She used to be a school girl in our town.
And in the pit there sits a critic sage,
Whom, likewise, I have known in days gone by.
Now, the dramatic critic of the age,
Then, Olive W. of Brookline High.
In a gorgeous banquet hall,
I find a leader of society,
'T was Helen W., straight and tall,
Who 's now a matron of propriety.
An authoress now follows, next behind,
And in her hand she holds her latest book,
Where he who runs may read (in gold outlined)
The letters E. U., if he will but look.
This one Captain Collins used to be,
Who now gymnastics makes an art;
That face is yet well known to me,
She wins the girls still to her heart.
Now comes a maid with roll of manuscript,
And mounts the lecture platform 'mid applause;
'Tis Violet E., now, as of old, equipped
To advocate the downtrod Negro's cause.
Next, Lora P. comes up before my eyes;
Of abstruse science, she's become the thrall,
Writes theses on the ancient Ptolemys,
But, sad to tell, her biscuits always fall.

Another Katharine sweeps by in dreams,
Whose maiden name also began with S.;
In meditation lost, she surely seems
Just what she is—a famous poetess.
Immediately after comes a girl
That was the Helen S. of Brookline High,
Now caught in the gay stream of fashion's whirl,
A chief of Brookline's highest high.
And this one, with the grave professional air
And hurried step, with faculties acute,
Was Etta B. of our old Brookline, where
She's now a doctor and in high repute.
And here's a cottage modest, trim, and neat,
Where Laura T. sits by the cosy fire
And has her bread and cheese and kisses sweet.
Prithee, what more could any one desire?
But who is this? 'Tis lovely Alice Powers,
In Washington she reigns, the General's wife.
In every grace above us all she towers;
Loving and loved, she sweetens every life.
The vision changes. In a quiet spot,
Secluded from the world, there's Hortense C.,
Surrounded by her tabbies and teapot,
She lives alone, but most contentedly. H C., '03.

LA BELLE AUX CHEVEUX D'OR

She hath a wealth of golden hair,
Red lips and eyes of blue;
She hath a brow that 's broad and fair,
She hath a wealth of golden hair—
But it 's stuck on with glue:
Her eyes are false—I do not care;
I bought her at the last church fair.
She's *dear* to me: 'tis true!
If Dolly is stuck up—with glue—
She hath a wealth of golden hair,
Red lips, and eyes of blue. R. S. R., '03.

Carpentry and Joinery Laboratory

PRIZES AND PRIZE WINNERS

THE J. MURRAY KAY PRIZES, consisting of $50 worth of books, are four in number.

Two of equal value, one for the boys, and the other for the girls, are given for excellence in elocution. The public contest to determine the award of these prizes was held at the High School on June 16th. The winners were Rose Edmands, '05, and Charles B. Floyd, '03.

The other two prizes, also of equal value, are awarded in the Senior Class for the best essays on subjects announced.

Historical Essays.

Subject:—"Landscape Gardening in Brookline."

Won by Hazel F. Collins.

Honorable mention made of Arthur K. Tylee.

Subject:—"John D. Runkle and His Influence on the Brookline Schools."

Won by Lilla N. Morse.

LIST OF BOOKS.

Elocution.—*Girls' Prize:* Longfellow's Poems; Lowell's Poems; Among my Books (Lowell); Tennyson's Poems; The Odyssey in English Prose (Palmer); Songs of Three Centuries; A New England Girlhood. *Boys' Prize:* Beginnings of New England; Songs of Three Centuries; David Copperfield (Dickens); Longfellow's Poems; The Odyssey (Palmer).

Historical Essay.— *Prize A:* The Beginnings of New England; Critical Period of American History; Songs of Three Centuries; Life of A. Lincoln. *Prize B:* Charles Eliot, Landscape Architect; Beginnings of New England; Three Episodes in Massachusetts History; School, College, and Character.

THE WILLIAM H. LINCOLN PRIZES consist of five medals, which are awarded as follows:—

I. For Excellence in English. —A gold medal to a member of the First Class for proficiency in English.

The basis of award was, in addition to the required work of the year, an essay on a subject announced.

Won by Frederick Henry Lahee. Honorable mention, Violet Edmands.

II. For Excellence in Modern Languages.—A silver medal to a member of the First Class for marked proficiency in either French or German.

The basis of award was, in addition to the required work of the year, an oral and written test. This year the prize is given for excellence in German.

Won by Marjorie Gooding. Honorable mention, Frederick H. Lahee, Arthur K. Tylee.

III. For Excellence in the Classics.—A silver medal for the best scholar of the First Class in Greek or Latin.

The basis of award was a test in translation, sight and prepared, and in prose composition. This year the medal is given for proficiency in Greek.

Won by Albert Lincoln Crocker. Honorable mention, Robert S. Richey.

IV. For Excellence in Physics.—A silver medal to the member of the Second Class who succeeds best in the required laboratory work of the year.

Won by Charles Arthur Kenrick. Honorable mention, Hattie L. Kopf.

V. For Excellence in Mathematics.—A silver medal to the member of the Second Class who passes most satisfactorily an examination in the year's mathematics.

Won by Francis Gilman Blake.

PENTATHLON PRIZES.

(For Excellence in Physical Training.)

The right to place the class numerals on the Walter Channing Pentathlon Cup was won by the Class of 1903.

The Head Master's Cups for the best all-round physical development in the upper school (Classes I and II), granted to S. Theodore Bittenbender, '03, and Mary V. McGrath, '04.

The Director's Cups for the best all-round physical development in the lower school (Classes III. and IV.), granted to Arba R. Skidmore, '05, and J. Pearl Skillen, '06.

[Gold Medal Essay.]

SHOULD THE NATURALIST EMPLOY TRUTH OR FICTION?

By Sympycna Fusca.

THE nineteenth century was remarkable for the development of two entirely dissimilar classes of literature,—the fictitious and the scientific. The avidity of the people for romance has given an irresistible impetus to the former, whereas the latter has made great progress through the efforts of men of learning. Thus the world of letters is virtually divided into two groups, the one determining and adhering to the principles of fact, and the other, which is by far the largest, delighting in the vagaries of fancy.

Here we may ask, What is the reason that the demand for fiction is so enormous nowadays? Is it due to some loss in mental capacity? Has the mind deteriorated rather than improved during the last one or two hundred years? A few centuries ago, we are told, men used to read only matter which required deep thought; something designed to impart knowledge, and not merely to while away idle hours. The real cause of this apparent superficiality is not degeneration, but immaturity of mind. Herein lies the root of the matter. It is not the fact that the understanding has become less capable, but that it has not yet fully developed. What then do we mean by saying men used to read deeper subjects? To understand this better it is necessary to see how fiction took its rise.

Fiction, a term which is today employed as a synonym for the novel, is of comparatively recent origin. The ancients were not acquainted with the novel. When the Greek civilization was at its zenith, drama and epic poetry had reached the highest perfection they were ever to attain among the peoples of the Mediterranean. Later the Romans imitated their Hellenic neighbors. Works were produced in poetry, religion, history and oratory. During the Dark Ages, what little was written concerned theology. The monastery hid within its gloomy cloisters all the learning of those perilous times.

At length a new dawn broke over the literary world, diffusing the first faint beams which were destined to brighten into a clear and lasting day. The Elizabethan era came and went, leaving as its

memorial the immortal works of Shakspere. Then followed the age of Queen Anne, with its long array of brilliant men of letters. Among the writers of that period, we are here especially interested in Defoe and Addison. Defoe was the first to write fictitious or imaginary lives, and has therefore been called the "Founder of realistic biography." Addison was the "Father of fiction." His famous contributions to the Spectator were fiction as we know it today except that they were without a main plot. It was the blending of Defoe's "realistic biography" with Addison's rambling anecdotes that provided a foundation for the modern novel. With these models to work from, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and several other famous novelists have endowed fiction with eternal life. So, by a slow but steady course, as the solar system evolved from the primitive nebula, the novel has gradually developed from the epics of the ancients.

Not so very long before Addison's time most of the people did not know the alphabet. The only book read was the Bible, and one was sufficient for the needs of a whole parish. As education slowly spread and more people learned how to read, they could naturally digest light romance far more easily than deep treatises. Since the age of Queen Anne, many more have joined the ranks of the serious readers, and simultaneously education has become more universal. The result is that the ratio between the two classes has become smaller, although the fiction readers have increased more rapidly in numbers.

Science, like fiction, has also passed through a course of evolution. The old philosophers of Greece formed their hypotheses from assumption. The idea of proving their theories by experiment never entered their heads, but they went blindly on, writing whole volumes on their own personal suppositions, which, in nine cases out of ten, were entirely false.

Galileo, the great mathematician and astronomer, was one of the first to amend the ancient theories by simple experiments. He was, therefore, a pioneer in scientific accuracy. From his epoch dates the improvement in the construction of instruments for investigation. The science of mathematics was improved, and men became more precise in their observations. Herschel and Newton gave astronomy a marked impetus in the direction of truth. Kant, Laplace, and

Herschel announced the nebular hypothesis. Linné revised the ancient system of botany. Darwin presented humanity with the magnificent fruits of a life of earnest toil and research, his "Descent of Man" and his "Origin of Species." Thus he laid the corner-stone of the modern systems of botany and zoology. In this way our present exactitude in science gradually evolved from the erroneous suppositions of our forefathers.

The accuracy of science acquired a firm footing in the nineteenth century. It was about the year 1850 that a notable revolution took place in this branch of learning, which had previously developed along a definite road. The popular mind had matured to such a degree that it was now ready to receive education in a new line. The result was the formation of a new kind of science, drawn from the path of the old by the public demand, just as a comet is attracted from its orbit by the centripetal force of a large planet. This novel branch of science may be called artistic science.

Artistic science differs in several respects from true or accurate science. The aim of the former is to spread abroad and inculcate the pleasures of true science among those who are either entirely ignorant of such knowlegde or are not able to enter into it deeply. Since zoology affords the best field for the play of the imagination, the artistic scientist has adopted this for his line of work. He is not bound to absolute exactness in all the details, but possesses a certain license which the true scientist has not.

True science, on the other hand, aims at convincing the understanding, or broadening the knowledge of those who are already well informed on the subject and desire to learn more. It is obvious that this kind of science, which is primarily intended for those who mean to work, not to play with study, must be strictly accurate.

Some men, however, go a little too far in that they even refuse to make any conjectures. If we are not to guess in regard to the nebular hypothesis, if we are not to assume some facts relating to the theory of organic evolution, what will become of our modern science? The entire system is founded on supposition. We believe that inorganic matter consists of molecules and atoms, and on this view chemistry, physics, and geology are based. Zoology, botany, and archaeology have for their groundwork the theory of evolution.

Without conjecture, science would be annihilated. Therefore, it is admissible to form theory from supposition, provided this supposition is itself established by careful experiment, or continued observation.

Having now shown the difference between the true and natural scientists, let us return to the novel and study the connection. We have seen both that the avidity of the public for romance is insatiable and that the great demand, since the supply is not sufficient, has engendered a vast amount of trash. That this evil propensity must be immediately repressed or turned into a new channel is self-evident. It is on the artistic scientist, who, as has been demonstrated above, may also be called the naturalist, since his work is chiefly zoological or botanical, that we rely for a means to attain this object. He must arrange his material in such a way that it will at once acquire widespread popularity, simultaneously raising a demand for more and lessening the desire for fiction. To accomplish this the child must be reached, and the child can be reached only by making the subject interesting and attractive. Enthusiasm must be aroused without imposing upon the credulity. The story must "read like a fairy tale," but it must be true to life.

As with all rules, however, this one also has its exception. Fiction, or fancy, may be used where it would be plain to any child that the characteristic of animal life described was impossible; but where one may be in doubt whether the anecdote was really true or false, there veracity is of the highest importance. For instance, animals or insects, or even plants, may be represented as having the power of speech, for here anybody would be certain that these forms of life could not actually converse; but no animal should be portrayed as saying what human beings say. The fancied conversation should concern the actions and habits of animals or plants as we ourselves know them. Fable is allowable were it is understood to be untrue, elsewhere veracity is imperative.

This regulation is made necessary by the "rush" of the present generation. There is so much competition nowadays that a man has not time to be led astray, merely to be later taught anew. It is unjust to impose upon the credulity of a child by telling him falsehoods, all of which he must soon unlearn to hold his own in the world. Such is especially the case when the child is to become a naturalist. Far better is it to be informed rightly in the beginning with the opportunity to study deeper subjects afterwards.

Moreover, if the child is misguided to erroneous conceptions of natural science, a careless, inaccurate habit, which will be very injurious to the cause of science, will soon develop. False notions implanted during childhood will persist as parasites until manhood unless they are destroyed. Then the man, unconscious of his own ignorance, will, by his literary works, propagate false theories among

the succeeding generations. Such a catastrophe must be prevented by guiding the untrained mind along the direct road to knowledge, while at the same time giving the subject a general interest. To give natural science a charm without employing fiction is not difficult. The fascination is intrinsic, no external gloss is needed to serve as an enticement. There is a sympathetic bond between man and nature, as there is between man and God; a subtle, all-pervading, yet invisible link, which unites us with all other life in a perfect harmony. It is because God is omnipresent. From the infinitely minute *Infusoria* to the mightiest giant of the forest, or the hugest prehistoric animal, we can always perceive the presence of the divine spirit. This concord it is which inspires us with our love for Nature. How beautiful are the mechanisms of animals! How marvleous are the structures of plants! Must we have recourse to the imagination to give these matters interest? No. There is not the least necessity for so doing.

Most entertaining volumes could be and in many cases have been written on the extraordinary instincts of the ants. How their communities are divided into sets, each with its own distinctive functions; how, in some species, certain individuals are appointed as living flasks to hang in a semi-torpid condition from the ceilings of their chambers, filled almost to bursting with the "liquors" of the emmets; and how these industrious little insects herd and milk the *aphides* as their domestic cows.

The habits of many other insects are wonderful. A species of wasp deposits its eggs in caterpillars benumbed by its poisonous sting. These it buries in hollows dug out from the earth. After the burrows are completely filled with gravel, the wasp proceeds to smooth the top off with a stone held in its jaws. The caddice fly larvæ build curious tubes in which they dwell without fear of death. Certain spiders travel from place to place by spinning a number of strands into the air. These the wind catches and wafts away with the ingenious fabricator hanging below. Most marvelous is the sudden transformation of the dragon-fly from a dirty, sluggish larva to a brilliant denizen of the air.

The habits and individual traits of animals are very entertaining. The excursions of the provident squirrel for nuts, which he lays aside for winter use, the power of the beaver to undermine large trees and to construct dams, the instinct of the elk in building fortresses to protect it from the hungry wolves, and the almost human characteristics of the monkeys,—none of these need the embellishment of the imagination.

The metamorphoses of butterflies and moths almost seem to be revelations of the future life. The glorious freedom of the swallows as they glide in swift circles far up in the azure sky, the superb color of the scarlet tanager, and the spiritual song of the wood thrush deep in the silent recesses of the forest, are too heavenly for human

beings. They awake in us a longing so rapturous, so ecstatic, that the soul is inspired, and we feel that there is within us a more than mortal spirit.

Surely, with all these beauties and marvels which nature reveals in every crevice of her domain, it is needless to polish the simple truth with the tinsel glitter of fancy. What then, constitutes really good artistic science?

Every work on Nature should aim to make the underlying principles of life easily intelligible without being conspicuous. The reader should insensibly draw one and the only correct conclusion without any hesitation. There should be present a definite purpose of developing the intellect in some main direction. No ambiguity should occur in such a manner as to cause misguidance or ignorance. These rules, if carefully followed, will insure the success of a book of this sort, in respect to its purpose.

As regards its method of treatment, the matter should be clear and concise. The language should be agreeable. As before mentioned, it may be imaginative, but only so far that a child can distinguish between truth and fiction. The ease with which it is written will be its chief worth. A story that is interesting and true to life is always welcome, especially when by its skillful management it adds to the information of the reader without a perceptible effort on his part.

Artistic science should never be deep or unintelligible. The reader must not feel that he is undergoing a lesson in natural history, but that he is reading merely for enjoyment. It is the explicit design of science, in the older sense of the term, to give pleasure by imparting knowledge to those who read for the sake of study. Artistic science, on the other hand, aims to impart knowledge by giving pleasure to those who read for enjoyment. The two classes of science are quite separate. Each has its merits, and each is necessary for the advancement of learnng.

It is therefore evident that the naturalist who will produce essays and works which are wholly true to life, except, if needs be, where there can be no doubt as to the discrimination between fact and fancy, and which are, moreover, written in a fascinating style, will be an indispensable means of education in the future. The truth of science is certain to endure, but the fiction of science will soon meet its doom. For, in the words of Milton, "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do ingloriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?"

THE SAGAMORE

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EDITORIALS

WE all grieve at the loss of one of our number, Margaret Sullivan, 1906, who died in May, after an illness of six months. She entered the High School last fall, with very high hopes. It was a great pleasure to her to feel herself one of us at the B. H. S., and she had looked forward to the High School life with much pleasure. After about three months, she was taken ill and left school. During her sickness, she spoke often of returning to school. She was an only child, and her loss was a great shock to her parents. We extend our deepest sympathies to them in their sorrow.

Our school life is over. We stand at the threshold of a new life and look back upon the past. The troubles and the work are forgotten, and we see only the pleasure and the bright side of the years we have been together. This class of boys and girls, who have studied and played together, is about to leave the old, regular routine of school life and enter the wider field of the great world. None of us can fail. We *must* succeed. If we are filled with an honorable ambition, a high ideal, a firm purpose, we cannot fall. We shall each go along our solitary way, striving to reach the goal we have before us, whatever it may be. The world may never hear our names, but they will not be dishonored, although they may be obscure. So we say farewell to the B. H. S., and even while filled with hopes and expectations for the future, we feel a little sorrow and regret within our hearts, as we realize that our school life is really over, that we are saying a last good-bye to our dear old Alma Mater, the Brookline High.

EXCHANGE COLUMN

THIS month we missed several of our old friends, possibly because our April and May numbers were late in exchange. In many of the papers we find the pictures of basket-ball teams, and the gossip of the diamond, which, indeed, is only interesting to the several schools concerned; but there are many bright stories worthy of recommendation, and quite a few poems on Spring with good intentions and poor results.

The Saugus High School Advocate shows us that a college or other higher education increases the chances of the high school boy nine times, giving him one hundred and seventeen times the advantage of the common school boy, and over two hundred times the chance of the uneducated. Although the college graduates constitute only one in thirty-eight of the adult population, they furnish three out of every five in the list of notable names of successful men. The figures are taken from the latest census.

Our cover and arrangement of material is complimented in the Melrose High School Life, a good paper. It is pleasing to note that in a vast field of criticism in the Exchange columns of a hundred or so contemporaries, The Sagamore has never been commented upon for anything but points of merit.

Following are the jokes that we have gathered:—

"Here's where I lose a little ground," said the tramp, as he stepped into the bath tub.—(Ex.

"What do you mean by a man with stable qualities?"
"It means a man with good horse sense."—(Ex.

It is sometimes of real importance to know slang. "The hand which made the heavens made a grain of sand," said the orator. "The hand which made the lofty mountains made a drop of water; the hand which made me made a daisy."

Organist (to grumpy next door neighbor)—"I am sorry you have been ill. What were you suffering from?"

Unmusical Neighbor—"Organic disturbances."

It's the little things that tell—especially the little brothers and sisters.—(Ex.

Mother—"George, come kiss your new governess."
George—"No, I don't dare to."
Mother—"Why?"
George—"Pa kissed her yesterday and she slapped him."

Teacher—"Mr. ——, will you translate Veremini Deas?"
Mr. —— (who has lost the place)—"A-er-a-will you please tell me the meaning of the first two words?"

Teacher—"Do you know how to make a Maltese cross?"
Pupil—"Sure. Pull its tail."—(Ex.

Boy- "I wish a lion would eat me up."
Mother—"Why, Johnnie?"
Boy—"Oh, it would be such a joke on the lion. When he was thinking I was in his stomach, I would be in heaven."—(Ex.

I went down to the station today and it was raining. The engine came in and the bell was ringing wet. - (Ex.

"This is a bust of papier-maché."

Visitor—"I swan if it don't look enough like George Washington to be his brother.—(Ex.

Father (after whipping son)—"Now will you ever say 'yep' to me again?"
Son—"Nope."—(Ex.

"Guess I'll pass my history. I have all the dates on my finger tips."
"Foolish! I have mine on my cuffs."—(Ex.

'04—"What are you running for, Willie? You must be training for a sprint."
'03—"Nope. Just sprinting for a train."—(Ex.

ATHLETICS

SPRING MEET

ON Saturday afternoon, May 23d, the annual out-door meet was held. The record of the 440-yard dash was broken by Defriez. Slack, '05, ran a very pretty mile. The Senior Class won by a decisive score, having 73 points to its credit, '05 securing 25, '04 getting 9 points, and the Class of '06 only 1.

The individual honors were won by W. D. Thompson, '03, who contributed 19 points to his class total. W. D. Dexter and S. T. Bittenbender each contributed 15 points to '03.

SUMMARIES.

100-yard dash—Won by W. D. Thompson, '03; second, S. T. Bittenbender; third, Skidmore, '05. Time 10 1-5 sec.

100-yard hurdles—Won by S. T. Bittenbender, '03; second, W. S. Davidson, '05; third, R. O. Brackett, '04. Time 11 3-5 sec.

High jump—Won by W. D. Dexter, '03; second, W. D. Thompson, '03; third, E. Erhart, '04. Height 4 ft. 7 in.

Shot put—Won by J. Heilborn, '03; second, G. Delano, '03; third, E. Erhart, '04. Distance, 30 ft. 1 in.

440-yard run—Won by T. D. Defriez, '05; second, W. D. Thompson, '03; third, Skidmore, '05. Time 55 1-5 sec.

Hammer throw—Won by Delano, '03; second, Heilborn, '03; third, Johnson, '06. Distance, 122 feet 7 1-2 in.

880-yard dash—Won by J. Shine, '03; second, Defriez, '05; third, Brackett, '04. Time, 2 m. 2 1-5 sec.

Broad jump—Won by W. D. Dexter, '03; second, S. T. Bittenbender, '03; third, W. S. Davidson, '05. Distance, 19 ft. 8 1-2 in.

Pole vault—Won by W. Shine, '04; second, Defriez, '05; third, J. O'Loughlin, '05. Height, 8 ft. 4 in.

220-yard dash—Won by W. D. Thompson, '03; second, Bittenbender, '03; third, C. Brett, '05. Time 24 1-5 sec.

Mile run—Won by H. Slack, '05; second, J. Shine, '03; third, E. Allen, '05. Time, 5 min. 21 sec.

Hop, step and jump—Won by W. D. Dexter, '03; second, W. D. Thompson, '03; third, S.T.Bittenbender,'03. Distance, 40 ft. 9 1-2 in.

TOTAL POINTS.

	'03	'04	'05	'06
100-yd. dash	8	1	0	0
220-yd. dash	8	1	0	0
440-yd. dash	3	6	0	0
880-yd. dash	5	3	1	0
Mile run	3	6	0	0
Broad jump	8	1	0	0
Hop, step and jump	9	0	0	0
High jump	8	0	1	0
Pole vault	0	4	5	0
Putting shot	8	0	1	0
Hammer throw	8	0	0	1
100-yd. hurdles	5	3	1	0
Totals	73	25	9	1

BASEBALL

B. H. S. *vs.* B. L. S.

On Friday, May 1st, our team played its first league game with Boston Latin on the South End grounds. It was one of the finest games Brookline has played this year. Each team fielded well, and the hits were well scattered, Latin School getting only one earned run, that coming in the seventh. The game was a pitchers' battle between O'Donnell and Lincoln, the former striking out 14 and the latter 10. The majority of the strike-outs of O'Donnell were due to

the new foul strike rule. Rogers and Wennerberg excelled for Latin School, while Cook, Dexter, and Carlisle played well for Brookline.

The score:—

Brookline.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Dexter, 3.	4	1	1	3	0
Kerrigan, s.	2	0	1	1	2
Cook, 2.	3	2	4	4	1
Delano, 1.	4	1	9	0	1
Lincoln, p.	3	0	0	2	1
Marshall, l.f.	1	0	2	0	0
Fogerty, r.f.	2	0	0	0	0
Carlisle, c.	2	0	10	3	0
Grimes, c.f.	2	0	0	0	0
Bartlett, r.f.	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	24	4	27	13	5

Boston Latin.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Rogers, 2.	4	1	2	2	0
Wennerberg, 3.	4	0	1	2	0
Mahan, ss.	2	1	0	1	1
Norton, c.	2	0	8	0	2
Barnett, c.f.	3	0	1	1	0
Hanley, l.f.	4	0	2	0	0
O'Donnell, p.	4	1	1	0	0
Ramsey, 1.	1	0	3	0	0
House, r.f.	2	1	0	1	0
Shanahan, c.	1	0	7	0	0
Totals	25	4	27	7	3

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
B. L. S.	1	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—4
B. H. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

B. H. S. *vs.* "Hoppy."

Friday, May 8th, Brookline met a defeat at the hands of Hopkinson on the South End grounds, after a stubborn fight. Although our team out-batted and out-played "Hoppy," nevertheless, the hits were not opportune enough to count. The features were the playing of Grimes and Brown for "Hoppy," and the pitching of Lincoln and Delano's hitting for Brookline. The game was full of excitement, and it was no disgrace to lose.

The score:—

Hopkinson.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Barnes, 3.	5	1	2	1	0
Grimes, ss.	5	0	1	5	0
Hall, p.	5	0	0	2	2
Brown, c.	4	2	8	1	0
Benton, 1.	4	0	10	0	0
Worthing, 2.	3	1	2	2	0
Hammond, c.f.	3	0	2	0	1
Orr, r.f.	4	2	2	0	0
Sheldener, l.f.	4	0	0	0	0
Totals	37	6	27	11	3

Brookline.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Dexter, 3.	3	1	4	3	0
Cook, 2.	4	1	8	5	2
Delano, 1.	5	3	11	0	1
Lincoln, p.	5	2	1	1	0
Shine, r.f.	4	1	0	0	0
Marshall, ss.	4	2	2	1	1
Bartlett, l.f.	4	0	0	1	0
Grimes, c.f.	2	0	0	0	0
Carlisle, c.	2	0	1	2	0
Totals	33	10	27	13	4

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hopkinson	3	0	0	1	2	0	1	0	0—7
B. H. S.	1	0	1	3	0	0	1	0	0—6

C. L. S. *vs.* B. H. S.

On Thursday, May 14th, Brookline played her third league game with Cambridge, on the Cedar-street grounds, Newton. Hard luck seemed to be over our team, mixed with an amount of poor umpiring. In this game also our team excelled in hitting, but the rally of runs came too late, and many times Brookline had men on bases, but was unable to score. The features were the playing of Conlin and Burton for Cambridge and Dexter's and Delano's playing for Brookline, together with Dexter's hitting for Brookline. The game was poorly attended, and if more had been on hand to help encourage the team, a victory might have resulted.

The score:—

Cambridge Latin.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Conlin, c.	4	0	12	1	0
Murphy, r.f.	4	1	1	0	0
Ellis, 1.	3	0	7	0	2
Brennan, p.	3	1	0	3	0
McCarty, l.f.	2	0	0	0	0
Burton, 2.	3	0	6	0	0
Paine, 3.	4	2	1	1	0
Carr, ss.	4	1	1	0	0
Chase, cf.	3	0	0	0	0
Totals	30	5	27	5	2

Brookline.	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Dexter, 3.	5	3	1	4	0
Kerrigan, lf.	3	0	1	0	0
Cook, 2.	5	0	0	1	0
Delano, 1.	4	1	10	1	0
Lincoln, p.	3	1	1	6	0
Marshall, ss.	3	0	1	1	2
Shine, r.f.	3	1	0	0	0
Grimes, cf.	1	0	1	0	1
Carlisle, c.	3	0	8	1	0
Bartlett, cf.	2	2	1	0	0
Totals	32	8	24	13	3

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
C. L. S.	2	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0—8
B. H. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	2	0—5

PHYSICAL TRAINING

THE boys' Field Day on May 22d was a success from start to finish. The marching and wand-drill by all the boys of the school, under Mr. Schmidt's command, was better performed than ever before, and showed the good training the boys have received during the year.

The pentathlon was full of interest both to the expert and to the many girls and parents who were present. Thompson and Bittenbender broke the school record for the 100-yard dash, and came in on ten flat.

Dexter made 20.3 feet in the running broad jump, and Heilborn covered 93.2 feet with the discus right hand and 75 with the left hand, all of which are most remarkable performances.

But what seemed to attract the most attention was the horizontal bars, on which some fine exercises were performed, especially by Tomlin of the first class and Sampson and Skidmore of the third.

The first class, as will be seen from the accompanying lists, is far ahead of the other classes, and therefore wins the pentathlon prize, the beautiful loving-cup presented to the school last year by Dr. Walter Channing. Bittenbender, having the highest points of any contestant in the first and second class, gets Mr. Sanford's prize, and Skidmore of the third class wins Mr. Nissen's prize as the best all-round boy in the third and fourth classes.

It is interesting to compare these lists with last year's and with Mr. Schmidt's book of attendance. The result shows exactly who has been regularly in the gymnasium and who has not, as for instance Heilborn and Dutton, whose marks are way ahead of last year's, while Thompson, who has been able to take very little gymnastics during the year, is even below his former mark. I am especially sorry for Thompson, because I still believe what I said a year ago, that if he had worked his arm exercises more during the past year he would probably have graduated as the champion all-round athlete of the school.

Skidmore, Defriez and Sampson of the third class are all very good, and will some day rank high in physical training. However, Skidmore is the strongest and best developed of the trio, and ought to keep ahead unless the frequent practising of Defriez will tell the story and make him the winner of the Head-master's cup another year.

The average mark of the first class is about 30 points, while the second class has but 17.5, the third 23.7, and the fourth 21. It is to be hoped that the Class of 1904 will show up better next year, and not leave the school with such a poor record as at present.

The freshmen next year will have many good gymnasts and athletes, and I earnestly suggest to all the other classes to do their very best under Mr. Schmidt during the next season, so as not to be beaten by the youngest class.

Perhaps sometime we may be able to arrange a pentathlon contest

with some other High School, and then we must show that we are both pioneers and leaders.

The contests for girls took place in their gymnasium the 18th of May, and the judges, Miss Seeley of the Boston Normal School of gymnastics, and Mr. Schmidt had a hard task in marking the style and form in which the twelve girls performed their exercises.

In the first and second classes Miss Mary McGrath was the winner of Mr. Sanford's prize, with 37.5 points out of a possible 50. Miss H. Collins had 34, Miss F. Morse and Miss Mary Hill, 32.5; Miss Barrey, 32; and Miss M. Hirshberg, 25.

In the third and fourth classes, Miss Pearl Skillen won Mr. Nissen's prize with 38 points. Miss Helen Dunbar had 37.5, Miss J. Ritchie and Miss M. Taylor, 35; Miss Bartlett, 31; and Miss N. Bainbridge, 27.5.

HARTVIG NISSEN.

CLASS I.

NAMES.	100 Yd. Dash. Points.	Broad Jump. Points.	Discus. Points.	Buck. Points.	Hor. Bar. Points.	Total Points.	Rank
1. Allen	4.5	6.3	1.6	6.5	1.6	20.5	9.0
2. Bittenbender	9.5	9.0	8.0	7.5	7.5	41.5	1.0
3. Cook	5.5	5.3	6.0	5.0	—	21.8	8.0
4. Dexter	8.0	9.3	7.2	5.5	6.5	36 5	2.0
5. Heilborn	7.0	6.6	10.0	5.0	7.5	36.1	4.0
6. Shine	5.0	5.5	6.4	6.0	6.0	28.9	6.0
7. Taylor	6.0	6.4	5.4	6.0	5.0	28.8	7.0
8. Thompson	10.0	6.9	5.8	7.0	6.5	36.2	3.0
9. Tomlin	7.0	5.4	3.2	6.0	10.0	31 6	5.0
10. Tylee	3.0	2.9	1.0	6.0	5.5	18.4	10.0
Total points						300.3	
Average						30.03	

CLASS II.

1. Blake	2.5	1.7	—	3.5	4.5	12.2	5.0
2. Brownell	6.0	4.3	4.2	4.5	3.5	22.5	3.0
3. Dutton	6.0	3.9	1.6	6.5	6.0	24.0	2.0
4. E. Erhard	7.0	7.9	5.8	3.0	4 5	28.2	1.0
5. Gibson	2.5	1.4	2.6	2.2	1.2	9.9	6.0
6. H. Mitchell	2.0	3.8	2.4	4.0	5 0	17.2	4.0
7. Wetherell	4.0	—	2.4	1.8	—	8 2	7.0
Total points						122 2	
Average						17.5	

CLASS III.

1. F. Allen	3.0	1.5	4.2	4.0	4.5	17.2	9.0
2. Davison	6.0	5.8	4.2	3.0	7.5	26.5	4.0
3. Defriez	7.5	5.6	5.2	4.5	7.0	29.8	2.0
4. Furfey	5 0	4.4	4.2	5.5	7.0	26.1	5.0
5. Holbrook	4.0	2.4	4.6	3.5	4.5	19 0	7.0
6. Jones	6.0	3.9	2.2	2.8	4.0	18.9	8.0
7. O'Loughlin	5.5	—	2.6	3.0	6.0	17.1	10.0
8. Sampson	5.0	4.4	4.4	5.5	9.5	28.8	3.0
9. Skidmore	7.0	5.4	7.6	5.5	8.5	34.0	1.0
10. Ulman	6.5	3.1	5.4	2.8	2.0	19.8	6.0
Total points						237.2	
Average						23.72	

CLASS IV.

1. Bailey	6.0	3 9	2.4	4.0	6.0	22.3	4.0
2. Brackett	4.0	3.6	3.8	4.5	1.6	17.5	9.0
3. Crafts	5.5	4.2	6.2	4.0	6.0	25.9	2.0
4. F. Johnson	4.5	3 0	6.4	3.5	3.5	20.9	6.0
5. Jolly	5.5	4.3	7.0	4.5	5.0	26.3	1.0
6. Meagher	5.0	5.2	2.8	3.5	5.5	22.0	5.0
7. Page	4.5	2.5	2.2	2.8	3.5	15.5	10.0
8. Price	4.5	3.0	4.0	4.5	4.0	20.0	7.0
9. Sargent	5.0	4.6	4.2	4.0	5.0	22.8	3.0
10. Untersee	4.0	3.3	4.8	3.0	3.5	18.6	8.0
Total points						211.8	
Average						21.18	

ALUMNI NOTES

Mr. Frederic Singleton (a former graduate of our school) and wife (Mary Hall, B. H. S., '91) have moved to Needham. They have a little daughter.

'93. Miss Marcia E. Jones and Mr. John Taylor were married on the tenth of June, and will make their residence in Schenectady, New York.

'94. Mrs. Katharine Hall Newell has a daughter.

'97. Miss Mollie Seeley is a teacher in Mrs. Homans' School of Physical Culture in Boston.

'99. Mr. George Ainsworth, on June 19th, takes his degree as Bachelor of Arts in the Department of Architecture at Harvard. Harvard Class Day Committee has accepted his design for "statue-ticket."

'99. After her graduation from Radcliffe this June, Miss Alice B. Sanborn will enter the Associated Charities of Boston.

'00 Miss Villa Morlock, who, it will be remembered, won the gold medal for the English Prize Essay, graduates this spring from the School of Physical Culture.

'00. Claude Holwill is in charge of customs at Wing Po, China.

'00. Earle Potter is still engaged in H. W. Johns Asbestos Company, Boston.

'01. Alice Averill is teaching music at her home, 46 Thorndike st.

'02. Helen Ordway, having served six months in the Brookline Public Library, is prepared to take the required examinations of any library in the state.

'02. Edwin E. Pritchett has received the West Point appointment. The Transcript says, "Edwin E. Pritchett, son of President Pritchett, is a chip of the Old Block—distancing all competitors in Congressman Sullivan's examinations for West Point."

The Sears family numbers a father and five sons who have been pupils in the Brookline High School: Capt. William B. Sears, 1843; Wm. B. Sears, Jr.; Rev. Langley B. Sears, Harvard A. B., Rochester Theological Seminary; Harry B. Sears, chief inspector New England Insurance Exchange; Stephen F. Sears, Harvard A. B., Columbia (post-graduate) A. M.; Edward H. Sears, 1903 (enters Harvard).

NEWS NOTES

The Fourth Class celebrated Lilac Day on Tuesday, May 19th. The exercises were commenced out-of-doors, but a thunder storm drove the audience and performers into the building. In spite of the interruption, the programme was carried on in-doors with great success. The May Pole dance, under the direction of Miss Frye and Miss French, was very pretty. Lemonade was served. Those who took part in the exercises have reason to feel proud of their success.

Miss Frye, with her sister and Miss Bird from Mechanic Arts High, sails for Naples the last of June, on the steamship Lombardia of the Italian National Line.

Miss Weir is treating her friends to a private view of Taddeo Bartoli's Virgin and Child, which she copied during her stay in Perugia.

Another letter has been received from our friend at Hampton. In it he tells us of his progress at his trade, and expresses the desire that we may visit Hampton College at some future time.

Geoffrey Bartlett passed his examinations for West Point.

On Friday, May 22d, the boys' Field Day was celebrated. The wand drill was a great success, although some of the girls had serious fears lest the boys might be sunstruck. The Fourth Class broke the record, every boy being clad in white. The drum corps made a great deal of noise. After the wand drill, the three lower classes took part in games, in which the Seniors disdained to indulge. Then came the Pentathlon, showing an all-round gymnastic and athletic training. The girls sat under the trees and ate ice-cream.

Hazel L. Allen sailed for Europe the third of this month.

The Senior Dance took place on the fifteenth of May. For several days before this event, the members of the committee could be seen driving about town borrowing rugs and pillows, which were used to decorate the stairs and couches. Mrs. Dexter, Mrs. Flint, and Mrs. Perkins kindly matronized the dance. A good many graduates were present. Every one voted the evening a success, thereby delighting the hearts of the weary committee. (By the way, who borrowed the two dozen spoons that are missing?)

Mrs. Clara Fogg Bacon, once a teacher in the Brookline High School, is to remain another year at the head of Miss Wheeler's Froebel School in Providence.

Olive McMackin is attending the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.

Rudolph Tuscher is still studying in Baltimore to become a teacher of priests.

There is a great scurrying around among the members of the Fourth Class to see who will make the choice of Greek, and who that of German.

The college pupils have been very busy of late preparing for the examinations. Good luck to them next week!

One of the girls of the Domestic Science Class received a great compliment on the result of her instruction. Two southern gentlemen were invited to partake of a dinner which she herself prepared. They afterwards wrote and asked for some recipes. It is considered one of the greatest compliments a Southerner can pay to ask for a recipe of any dish he has tasted. Florence Crafts, 1904.

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LOCALS

What a nice display the fairies in white made as they drilled on the dusty glades of Cypress street with their little aspen wands!

R. Brackett is finishing a facsimile of himself in the forge room.

A darkey in Georgia, who tried to send one of his children through the mail recently, was arrested for blackmailing.

Mr. Packard is of the opinion that the girls could have beaten the boys in one of the Pentathlon events—"Chinning."

Only a false alarm, Shorty. Maybe next time your warrant will be a real one.

The mathematics instructor was lettering a rectangle, and as he wrote A, B, C, on each corner, he read them aloud, but the chalk broke on the letter C, and as he stooped over to pick up the broken piece, he muttered D.

Boy—"Mamma, am I a lad?"
Mother—"Yes."
Boy—"Is my new father my step-father?"
Mother—"Yes."
Boy—"Then I must be his step-ladder.—(Ex.

"This chicken soup," Miss Starvem said,
"I wish, Judge, you would try,"
The Judge he took a sip. Said he,
"The chicken, ma'am, it seems to me
Has proved an alibi."—(Ex.

"I am weary of well doing," said the bucket.

There was a young person named Finn,
Who was so exceedingly thin,
That one day when he had, oh!
A sight of his shadow,
He said, "What a beautiful pin!"

A beautiful girl said, "Enough!"
Take your left hand right out of my mough,
It has been there so long,
That you do me great wrong,
If you think I'll go off in a hough."

CLASS SONG

Now that life's long work is open'd,
With its sorrows and its joys,
We are glad to come together,
And once more be girls and boys.
Then let's sing a song of Brookline,
And the days forever o'er,
When, with hardly studied lessons,
We approached the High School door.

Chorus:
Brookline, Brookline, our Alma Mater,
Ever will we praise thee,
Proud of thee are we,
Brookline, Brookline, our Alma Mater,
May thy mem'ry ever linger,
In the hearts of NINETEEN THREE.

Then in hours of recitation
We all feared that it might be
That some awful, fatal blunder
Would bring naught to us but "D."
And at football games and baseball,
We all cheered for Brookline High,
Almost sure of Fortune's favor,
For our boys would do or die.

Now before we part, O comrades,
Let us cheer for Brookline High,
For its scholars, for its teachers,
Let us cheer them to the sky,
For we all loved the High School,
And a merry crew were we,
Here's a health, then, to old Brookline,
And the CLASS OF NINETEEN THREE.

D. S., '03.

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GRADUATED, BROWN UNIVERSITY 1825

THE NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION 1825-7

PROFESSOR COLGATE UNIVERSITY 1829-33

PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY 1836-48 AND
FIRST PRESIDENT OF THIS INSTITUTION 1839-48

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B. SEARS, D.D., LL.D.

Born Sandisfield, Berkshire Co., Mass., Nov. 19, 1802. Died Saratoga Springs, N. Y., July 6, 1880. Brown University, 1822-1825. Newton Theological Institution, October, 1825. Pastor First Baptist Church, Hartford, Ct., 1827. Professor of Languages, Hamilton, N. Y., 1829. Married Elizabeth Griggs Corey, daughter Deacon Elijah Corey, Brookline, Mass., January, 1830 Universities Leipsic, Halle and Berlin, 1833-1835. Paris, 1836, six months. Prof. Newton Theological Institution, 1836. President Newton Theological Institution, 1839-1848. Secretary Board of Education, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, 1848-1855. President Brown University, R. I., 1855-1867. D.D. Harvard University, 1841. LL.D. Yale University, 1862 Appointed by Geo. Peabody of London agent of the Peabody Educational Fund for the South, 1867. President American Baptist Missionary Union, 1874-1877. Baptised J. G. Oncken at Hamburg, 1834. Member Brookline Baptist Church, Mass., February, 1837, 1849. Funeral July 9, 1880, at Brookline Baptist Church, Mass. Remains deposited in Tomb of Capt. Timothy Corey, grandfather of Mrs. Sears, in the Walnut Street Cemetery, Brookline, Mass., near the residence of his son, Captain W. B. Sears.

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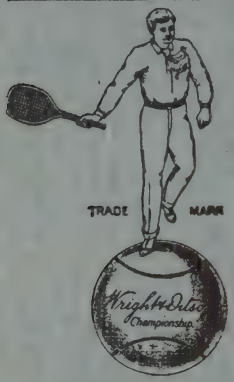

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